LIFE LINES

By Ellis Reynolds Shipp M. D.

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Book .H86L5
1910

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Faithfully Yours

Ellis R. Shipp

LIFE LINES

POEMS

BY

Ellis Reynolds Shipp, M. D.

And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*Shakespeare*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
SKELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1910.

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Dedication

To my beloved children who through all their lives have been the strongest incentive to my best thought and endeavor: my purest, tenderest, truest joy, my highest inspiration, my life-line linking with Eternity, these heart-throbs are lovingly dedicated by their mother.

THE AUTHOR

Introduction

THE author has chosen for this book a peculiarly fitting title, that is depicted in vivid outline on the cover of the volume of poems, now to be launched forth into the world of letters.

The verses herein contained indicate life in varying lines: some heavily drawn, that vibrate with deep emotion, that will reverberate to the lightest touch in years to come when recalled by the flashlights of memory; other lines attuned to sweet music, that falls rythmically upon the sensitive ear, and touches the human heart with tenderest sympathy—and again themes that are light and winsome, as songs of birds in verdant groves in springtime, when nature's heart is beating in unison with sweetest living things.

The true, genuine love of nature and of humanity is apparent in some of the subjects portrayed in verse, and in a way to uplift and strengthen the mind in ideals, that are the most exalting to the intelligence of men and women.

The ills of life are touched with delicate skill, and a gentle hand, that seeks to ameliorate and lessen sorrow, and excess of grief; wonderful indeed is the magic influence of words into which one's soul has been brought with "the form of a ready writer."

In the heart of the author of the book, whose title is so significant of her life in its various phases, there lives and vibrates a depth of feeling, that is in touch with all things beautiful in nature, and humanity; full of hope and faith in God, the Giver of life and of all good gifts—the fountain of all knowledge and intelligence.

We commend "Life Lines" to the world, and especially to the people of these mountain valleys; to the Doctor's many, many friends, already familiar with her writings, commendation is quite unnecessary. We believe the book will be a blessing and inspiration to those into whose hands it may come, because of the spirit of love in which it is sent forth; and we would say, read and consider its value, and it will be more precious than rubies, for it will give you gems of thought for daily need and comfort.

EMELINE B. WELLS.

Greeting

WITH wellings of the heart beyond control,
I come, dear friends, in confidential mood
To ope the inner portals of the soul,
Believing that I will be understood.

For poetry is not alone a "rhyming ware"
Though poets e'en themselves have called it so;
It tells us what no other language dare,
The throbbings of the heart that mortals know:—

The burning pain of disappointed hope,
The untold joy and love—the unshed tear,
The frailties with which we have to cope,
The tenderness and bliss of all that's dear:—

Of all things good, and pure, and just below,
Of all that's beautiful and true above:
An inspiration filled with radiant glow,
Sweet message of a great and perfect Love.

POESY.

'Tis Inspiration's precious thought,
Pure language of diviner sphere;
The flowers tender love hath brought,
Sweet harmonies the angels hear;
The power prompting noble deeds,
That make us pure, and good, and free;
The Manna which the spirit feeds—
God's priceless gift of Poesy.

LOVE'S SYMPHONY.

It came in the mists of the morning
With whispering, mystical voice,
It tapped at my door in the dawning
And bade me awake and rejoice.

'Twas music of exquisite sweetness
Like cadences ringing above,
Enwrapping my soul in completeness—
This beautiful message of love.

It breathed of a time in the future
When turmoil and warfare should cease,
When through all the world there should usher
A reign of most infinite peace.

When love with electrical swiftness
Should thrill every struggling soul,
Cast malice from out of it's fortress,
And substitute Peace for it's goal.

True sympathy binding together
The rights of each nation and land.

When man shall meet man as a brother,
God's children will walk hand in hand.

When leaven of peace in it's grandeur,
Shall bring all our souls to one shrine,
To worship forever and ever,
One Being—One Father divine.

SCATTER SWEET FLOWERS.

Scatter your flowers in paths of the living!
Now! while they may enjoy the perfume!
Give while warm lips may respond to the giving,
Wait not to strew them on bier and on tomb!

Recognize here the virtues of mortals,
Approbate now their works and their worth,
Wait not till dear ones have passed through death's portals,
Love and be loved while yet of the earth.

Utter the words thy spirit is prompting,
Breathe gentle tones of sympathy sweet,
Soothe the sad heart that breaks with it's aching,
Guide now in love the wandering feet.

Pour in the soul the balm of believing,
Faith in mankind and the Maker above,
Let not life's vanities, ever deceiving,
Make thee forget the greatness of love.

Scatter the flowers of love for the living:
Kind words and good deeds through life's flitting hours:
Give for the grace and the goodness of giving—
Scatter sweet flowers! Oh, scatter sweet flowers!

PROGRESS.

From the whirl and swirl of nations, to the mother's cradle song,
Through time's wonderful inventions and life's ways of righting wrong,
In the hearts of men and women, in their modes of speech and thought,
In all things divinely human do we find progression wrought!

With a retrospective vision we may scan the changeful past,
Since man found on earth his mission—vivid horoscope be cast,
Or peruse the revolution in the world's historic tomes
Of the fitful evolution in our dress, and food, and homes.

We behold brave sires of freedom bending 'neath the stress of toil,
Naught but brawn and strong volition to make fruitful untried soil.
Eking out a scant subsistance for their children not a few,
None were then denied existence all were welcome as the dew.

Schools uncommon, books rare treasures, teachers crude in discipline,
With the rod or harsher measures sought obedience to win.
Impotent were they to fathom possibilities of mind—

Influence of mind o'er matter, threads of gold to
thus unwind.

Now we wonder how our mothers washed and
sewed, and wove, and spun,
Without steam to ease their labors, toiling on
from sun to sun;
There was no electric button to be touched to
give them light—
Tallow dip or lard and cotton all that cheered
through darkest night.

Wearily they darned and mended, or perchance
they knitted on,
By the faintly glowing embers till the coming of
the dawn.
And through pains and ills maternal without
tender care or skill—
All they had was faith eternal and their own un-
daunted will.

Hand in hand, their hearts united in serene sim-
plicity,
Men and women worked and waited, trusting
God implicitly.
Human odds seemed all against them, blindly
struggling year by year,
Till man's heaven-inspired inventions, brought
the grand Millenium near.

Marvelous the transformation! can it be magi-
cian's wand.
Or the touch of fairy fingers taking us to realms
beyond!

Brilliant lights in tinted shadings instaneously
appear,
Filling all the world with splendor like a bright
enchanted sphere.

Cables stretched 'neath ocean billows, e'en the
wireless message sent,
Radium revealing powers without limit in extent.
Mausoleums and great temples—pinnacles into
the skies,
Mighty progress plainly written—bidding men
and women rise.

Ah, our minds can scarcely fathom all the changes
time hath wrought,
Great achievements of creation through inspired,
progressive thought.
Through the rise and fall of nations and the poten-
tates of earth—
Through the laying of foundations framed to give
true freedom birth.

Step by step we find creation casting off heretic
gloom,
Men of every creed and station, crying:—give our
children room,
Give us scope for thought and action, give us
power to do and dare,
Free us from fanatic faction, help us climb pro-
gression's stair.

Help us leave our old traditions, educate the
mind and heart,
Find on earth it's best conditions, bravely, nobly,
bear our part.

Let us make this world a heaven, bring it to its
fullest flower,
Pour on souls the peaceful leaven, making homes
like Eden's bower.

Haste the time when all creation bows before one
holy shrine,
In one grand, united nation bound by living faith
divine.
May we mount true freedom's ladder, leaving all
of mortal strife
Where our progress is erternal, there to gain eter-
nal life.

FAIR UTAH!

Lo! in the west a shining star
Bursts through the lurid maze,
Fair Utah! beaming from afar
Enchains the ardent gaze,
Inspiring heart, and soul, and brain,
With fancies words cannot contain.

The grand, majestic mountains,
Smooth, grassy, sloping hills,
Fair nature's sparkling fountains,
The rivers, brooks and rills
All breathe a language most sublime,
Entwining thought with tune and time.

The valleys fair, the fertile plain,
Clear streams and grateful shade,
Wide, waving fields of golden grain
And flocks in every glade,

Express to us with fluent tongue
As sweet a song as e'er was sung.

Glens, craggy peaks and canyons,
Sweet flowers blooming there,
And Utah's inland ocean,
With gorgeous sunsets rare,
In every soul inspires the thought—
Oh, wondrous work that God hath wrought!

SEA-GULLS.

There's a true and tender story
Told of early frontier days
When our sires as weary exiles
Traversed distant western ways;
Seeking surcease from their trials,
In the far-off, untried West:
Utah's vales their destination
With unbounded faith possessed.

After miles of toilsome travel,
Months of weariness and pain,
Here at last they found a haven
On the barren, desert plain.
With true courage—will undaunted.
Tilled the dry, unyielding land,
Then the precious seed they planted
Guided by inspired command.

Oh, the joy when soon upspringing,
Little slender spikes of green
Cause for true and great thanksgiving
For 'twas bread, aye, life! there seen.

But alas! the joy was fleeting—
Swarming locusts fill the air,
On this dainty verdure feeding—
Fruit of all their anxious care.

Then a mighty wail ascended,
Prayers in humble faith arose
To the Lord who had defended
Them through many griefs and woes.
Then as magic, from the distance
White-winged messengers of life
Came as a supreme deliverance!
Waging short and deadly strife.—

Swallowing the greedy insects
In the twinkling of an eye,
Leaving all the fields uninjured—
Through the power of Him on high.
" 'Twas a miracle!—a blessing!"
Men in wonder yet will say,
And the sea-gulls, ne'er transgressing,
Still are sacred to this day.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

What blessed days! log-cabin days!
Near sixty years ago,—
When by the firelight's ruddy haze,
Our cheeks were all aglow!
And youthful hearts were bounding high
With hope and guileless cheer,
For down fell snowflakes from the sky,
And holidays were near!

Fond memories so brightly come,
Like beams of radiant light—
Oh, there was some one coming
To greet me Christmas night;
Some one, who months and months agone,
Had sailed across the sea,
Returning with his mission done,
Now coming home to me!

What pretty dreams of pleasant sport,
Of coasting down the hill,
Of sleigh-rides to the old town fort,
And skating by the mill;
Of spelling schools to show our might
In education's lore,
The dance at early candle light,
And payments at the door.

A tallow dip it was, perchance,
Or produce from the farm
Secured the ticket for the dance,
Thus adding to its charm.
For very oft our lot had been
To dance by sage-brush blaze,
While feet kept time to violin,
In dear, old, frontier days!

Thou good, old days! dear, youthful days!
Of coarse and homely fare,
Pure, simple life—more simple ways,
In joy finds no compare!
When father tilled and mother sewed
And bravely met each fate,
Together bore life's heavy load,
Through early hours and late!

For those they loved, 'twas joy to toil,
No struggle seemed too great,
They gained their substance from the soil,
And learned in faith to wait.
'Twas God sustained them day by day—
His light had led them here—
He was their strength, and staff, and stay,
Through every changing year!

Sweet, dear, old days! romantic days!
Of beauty, love and truth,
Now long since flitted from my gaze,
O dear, old days of youth!
When under fond and sheltering wing,
We knew but love's caress,
What sacred bliss these mem'ries bring—
Parental tenderness!

Parental wisdom, too, was brought
To guide each youthful mind,
Then truth and honesty were taught,
Life's choicest pearls to find;
O guileless days! dear, good, old days!
They'll ne'er forgotten be!
They ever will attract the gaze,
Of our fond memory!

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes our thoughts will flow like limpid
stream
We cannot catch e'en half the pearly dew,
It seems a blissful, bright, ecstatic dream—
Angelic hands sweet flowers seem to strew.

Sometimes we find ourselves by those deceived,
We thought we knew were faithful, fond and true
With broken heart, and all our senses grieved—
We strive in vain our anguish to subdue.

Sometimes fond friendship's strongest, golden chain,
That bound our hearts in purest, tender love,
In one short hour is broken—rent in twain
Those welded links we thought no pow'r could move.

Sometimes there comes to us so dark a grief,
That all our mortal senses stand appalled.
We think not e'en of Heaven to ask relief—
It seems both mind and body are enthralled.

Sometimes our plans, to dearest friends unknown—
Grand castles, built with pinnacles on high—
Are shattered; fallen low; our hope is flown—
In wild despair we almost wish to die.

* * *

Sometimes we find a pearl upon the shore
Of perfect tint and form, of untold worth,
And there beside the ocean's ceaseless roar
We marvel such a gem could be for earth.

Sometimes there floats on ether's ozone wave
A fragrant breath, as from an unseen flower,
As if it were immortal hand that gave
Exotic incense from elysian bower.

Sometimes, we hear a sweet, entrancing strain,
Breathed forth in twilight's ever witching hour,

Which thrills the finest tendrils of the brain
With keen, electric, and enchanting pow'r.

Sometimes there comes to us so fair a day,
A sky so blue, so free from dark'ning cloud,
It seems a brilliant meteor astray,
While all our senses sing, and shout aloud.

Sometimes we find a perfect summerland
Where balmy breezes bear the fragrant breath
Of everblooming flowers! where nature's hand
Doth ne'er o'erspread the earth with nature's death.

Sometimes we meet in life a noble friend
Who true and faithful proves e'en unto death!
Our inmost natures seem in one to blend
As roses with the summer zephyr's breath.

Sometimes in life the human heart may know
A love, devoted, faithful, pure and true,
A passion, living with unceasing glow
Through all life's fitful changes here below.

Sometimes, there comes to us so great a joy,
A bliss so fraught with holy peace and light,
A happiness, with none of earth's alloy,
That soul from body seems to take its flight.

Sometimes we have emotions undefined,
Which heights and depths and time and space transcend!
'Tis when we are at peace with all mankind,—
'Tis when we are at One with God, our Friend!

NEVER BORROW TROUBLE.

"Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you."

Oft we mortals fret and worry
O'er the minor ills of life,
Living in continued flurry—
In a never ending strife.

Foes imagined, mock and greet us
Every turn upon the road,
Troubles more than half way meet us,
Weighing down life's heavy load.

We are prone to think our burden
Heavier than man e're bore;
Oft we fail to see the blessing
Coming through our open door.

Ah, how weak to borrow trouble,—
Better wait 'till it is here;
For to borrow, makes it double—
Triples every falling tear.

Why, perchance the very sorrow
We anticipate today
Will be changed to joy tomorrow,
Sunshine chasing clouds away.

Through the pall of pain and sadness,
We may see unfailing light,
Dawning day may bring us gladness—
Faith illumines darkest night.

For the things which most distress us,
Make our tear-stained pillows wet,
Dreaded cares which sore oppress us
Really hav'nt happened yet!

MORNING HYMN.

As morning dawns, and nature gives
Her fairest charms to all that lives,—
Pure, balmy air and radiant light,
Sweet flowerets fair to greet our sight.
The singing birds and humming bees,
The lowing herds and budding trees,
The waving grass and murmuring rills,
The towering cliffs and sloping hills,
With all the boundless gifts of God
Which fill the sea, and sky, and sod,—
My grateful heart in rapture swells,
For beauty that so plainly tells,
An allwise Father's boundless love,
He sends to earth from heaven above.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Oft the years now gone before, seem one long unbroken dream,
And I am a child once more in the meadows sweet and green,
Tripping 'long the narrow path leading from my mother's door,
Through the tall and slender grass to my grandma's on the moor.

Songs of birds among the trees filled my soul with rare delight,
Chasing butterflies and bees, laughing wildly at their flight—
Picking yellow butter cups, little daisies, white and fair;
And the sky-blue flaxen tops, twining wreathes for mother's hair.

Then a button-hole bouquet I would pin on
father's vest,
He would smile and often say: "Of all sweethearts
you're the best."
Baby brother too, I'd shower with the treasures
I had found,
He to me the sweetest flower on this earth, so
plump and round.

Then I'd hie me to the spring; what a wondrous
fount it seemed;
Clear and sparkling, bubbling, in the sunlight how
it gleamed!
Then upon its mossy brink kneel and lave my sun-
kissed face,
From my hands this nectar drink, on its surface
marvels trace.

But the holiest, sweetest thought coming in these
later years,
Are the lessons parents taught—parents whom
my soul reveres;
Kindness, tenderness and love filled their hearts
and home each day,
Ah, the memories of childhood, they will never
fade away!

RELICS.

"Oh, what shall we do with all of this stuff?"
Said fair Estelle one day.
"Right here in this garret there is enough
To fill us all with dismay!

And in the new home there will be no room,
For useless rubbish like this!"
As I glanced around I knew my doom,
So closed her lips with a kiss.

Then I smiled and gently sent her away,
For what would she think of tears
That I knew would come while I should survey
The hoarded treasures of years!
Yes, well may she ask what should be done
With dresses grandmother wore,
Her old rocking chair, and patchwork begun
In days long gone before.

These piles of letters with histories rife,
What burden of love they bear!
The tales of the brightest seasons of life,
And of days bow'd down with care!
Relics of Missions and travels abroad;
Books, charts, and specimens too,
Speak now to my soul with voices aloud
Of scenes long passed from my view.

This antimacassar of antique design,
Netted and broidered with flowers,
Was wrought by that sainted mother of mine
In childhood's heaven blessed hours.
And here the rolling pin dear father turned
For me at his lathe in the mill,
The dearest trophy I ever had earned—
Such joys my memories fill!

This old-fashioned bureau of real, native wood
Is all that is left of the set
He gave with his love the day we were wed
With kisses ne'er to forget!

Still locked in the drawers are ribbons and lace,
Bejeweled and gold tinseled fans
Which oft waved at balls with exquisite grace
When held in fair dimpled hands.

These scrap bags, and bundles, and old broken toys,
Withered wreaths and baskets of flowers,
The cradle where slept my girls and my boys,
Beguiler of many sweet hours;
This moccasin made for the fair first-born,
This shoe by another worn,
This christening robe fine laces adorn—
Tiny bonnets, now soiled and torn.

This white satin waistcoat bought for my sake,
First worn on our bright wedding-day,
His coat, and my gown, so quaint are their make,
How long they've been lying away!
These precious mementos of more precious days,
Must all to the flames be consigned—
Just so earthly joys will melt from our gaze,
And mortals must needs be resigned.

Ah, weak, human hearts, how we cling to this clay
And idolize earth's fading things;
We follow the phantoms that flitteth away,
And pleasures that travel on wings!
Life's crucible here consumes treasures dear,
But out of the ashes arise
The incense of faith that dries every tear—
Illumines our path to the skies!

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

As down the vista of departed years,
We see amid the mists of falling tears,
The many opportunities now flown,
In self reproach we sigh and sadly moan.

We think of tender words we might have said,
Of loving, noble deeds we might have done,
Of wayward lives to right we might have led,
Of sins we might have checked when first begun.

We know foundations strong we might have laid
For grander structures here we might have reared;
How many steadfast friends we might have made,
How often, too, sad hearts we might have cheered.

We might have planted, too, fair, rosy bowers,
Wherein to rest in age the weary form;
And scattered on the way sweet-scented flow'rs,
And plucked from wounded hearts the piercing thorn.

We might have soothed the stricken, hopeless soul,
Implanted seeds of sacred faith and trust;
Though troubled waters surge and madly roll,
We still could make them feel that God is just.

THE SOURCE OF PEACE.

Amid the roaring winds and surging waves
Of life's unending sacrifice,
We hear a mighty voice that soothes and saves!
We dash the spray from out our eyes
And see, the murky darkness hath been cleft
By power of a Sovereign will.
A sacred calm into our souls hath crept—
A voice hath said, "Peace, peace be still!"

SOLACE.

I hunted all over the garden,
My garden now yellow and sere,
I wanted a flower for you, dear,
A flower with message of cheer.

But dead leaves were rustling about me,
The lilies had bent their fair heads,
The pinks and sweet peas were in mourning,
And the daisies asleep in their beds.

I turned with a sigh, while I wondered
Why all things so lovely must fade;
Why love's tender ties must be sundered,
And hopes in their graves must be laid.

Why eyes must grow dim with their weeping,
Why hearts must e'en break with their aching,
Why moments flit on while we're sleeping,
And nectar is lost in partaking.

In vain I had sought for a treasure
That breathed of new life and great peace

Disappointment I found without measure,
But nothing heart-hunger to ease.

My soul was o'er-wrought with a sorrow,
My head bent low on my breast,
E'en hopes in the joy of a morrow
Seemed buried, along with the rest.

Then just as my footsteps were turning,
My heart gave a sudden, great bound!
Ah! something I saw, small and purple—
One fair, little flower I'd found!

It scarcely could peep from the grasses
And leaves that enshrouded it there,
Just kissed by the sun's glinting flashes,
My dear little violet, fair.

I had sought for flowers more regal,
More gorgeous in color and form,
Forgetting that nothing could equal
The sweet, modest violet's charm.

So fragrant and yet unassuming,
How perfect the lesson you teach,
So faithful for aye in your blooming,
How potent your power of speech!

Inspiring a patient endurance—
Though trodden beneath careless feet,
With a comforting, patient assurance
Our joys in the end are complete.

Sweet spirit of solace revealing,
E'en found in the folds of a flower,
Go, thou, with divine, tender healing,
And comfort her heart from this hour.

SONG OF THE SOUL.

Oh, I am blessed! my thoughts abound
With reverent love and gratitude,
That through my daily life I've found
So much that's beautiful and good!

Oh, I am blessed! my spirit sings
In sacred strains of love and praise,
For I have quaffed perennial springs,
I've known God's love through all my days!

Oh, I am blessed! My joys below
Are sanctified by holy light.
Yes, e'en in times of pain and woe,
God's power I feel through darkest night!

Oh, I am blessed! I long to live
A worthy child for all this care;
In nobler deeds, my praise to give,
Shall be my constant aim and prayer!

THE SECRET.

Long, long have I guarded a secret
Within the deep vaults of my heart.
I thought no keen eye could observe it—
Not a word did I ever impart.

I love!—and she knows that I love her!
There's never a shadow of doubt!
My heart is enthroned now forever—
Yes, the long guarded secret is out!

It is known to all of the neighbors—
To the winking and whistling boy,
And e'en the woodland's fair warblers,
Are singing my story of joy!

The stars, the fair heavens adorning,
My love by their twinkles proclaim,
The rose-tints of earliest dawning
Are writing one beautiful name!

All nature is telling the story,
It floats on the ether above;
The flowers' sweet fragrance and glory
Are breathing my secret of love.

BE PATIENT.

Oft times our little children will complain,
Will worry over minor ills of life,
Will magnify each little ache and pain,
Seem living in a never-ending strife.
We have so little patience now, for we
Have past the stage when little things annoy;
To more mature minds, it seems to be
So weak to cry about a broken toy.

O, fathers—mothers—has it been so long
Since you were children, too, with glowing cheek?
Have you forgotten every fancied wrong
Of which young children dared not even speak?
Who can forget the heart-aches of their youth!
The disappointments followed by a moan!

And is it not an ever patent truth,
That men and women are but children grown?

Though sages delve in deep philosophy,
And deem themselves so learned, wise and strong,
Do they bow always in humility
To what to them seems deep and cruel wrong?
Ah, no! they oft fret more than children do,
And think their troubles more than they can bear!
When bitter trials come we murmur, too,
And think the world is cruel and unfair!

Oh, could we be as merciful and just
As God to us; long-suffering and kind;
More patient with our children—sacred trust
Received by us from God! ah, we would find
Such loving parenthood would then be crowned
With greater satisfaction here below!
All kindred ties then be more firmly bound,
As those who thus have tried most truly know.

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

A recipe you want, my dear young friend:
The very surest thing I can commend
Is first to love the Lord with all your soul!
With this same love each thought and act control!
Give gentle, tender words and loving smile,
By noble, helpful deeds your time beguile.
Make other hearts rejoice, and then your own
Will echo back again the same, sweet tone!

FROM THE CLOUDS.

List! the patter of the rain—
Hark! the wind's most drear refrain—
Dropping, flowing,
Sighing, blowing,
Wailing, as some soul in pain;
While the heart, in sad attune,
With the rain and wind commune:
Groaning, aching,
Moaning, breaking,
Bitter dregs of life to drain.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

See! the sun is bursting forth,
Shining light o'er all the earth:
Warming, streaming,
Beaming, gleaming,
Dewdrops sparkling in their mirth!
Wounded soul mounts through the pall,
Father's care is over all!
Loving, giving,
Moving, living,
Heeding every sparrow's call!

WILD COLUMBINE.

This morn I turn my footsteps back
Along the roadway's winding track
To where I'd spied in nature's bower,
Fair Nature's queen, sweet woodland flower.

"Oh, yes!" I cry, "Here, here you are!
For, you I've wandered long and far
In shady nook, through tangled vine:
At last I've found my columbine!"

Thou art the wild wood's favorite gem,
So graceful on thy slender stem,
So delicate in hue and form,
Thy fragrance all our senses charm.

O columbine, wild columbine,
With thee sweet memories entwine;
You speak in language all your own
Of limped streams to ocean flown.

In June, each season, coming 'round,
You are the same sweet flower found.
Your charmed life, so unlike mine,
Your home unchanged, dear columbine.

Oh! when your form and mine, sweet flower,
Are quickened as a final dower,
May we both find abiding place,
In realm together, by His grace.

RAYS.

One single ray this Sabbath day
Across my dreary pathway fell;
It passed away in shadows grey
Before it's beauty I could tell.
So many days unto my gaze,
The sky but cloud and mist hath shown,
Enwrapping earth in darkening haze—
Why, even thought hath sombre grown.

'Tis hard to bear so small a share
Of life's great joys and sunny things,
To be oppressed with doubt and care,
While pleasure seems to flit on wings;
To yearn for power to learn each hour
The useful lessons of this life,
While fame and wealth on others shower
Without so much of weary strife.

'Tis sad to rove from those I love,
Through what seems fate's unkind decree;
To hear no more, as oft before,
Beloved voices calling me:
To feel the bliss of loving kiss
Upon my aching, throbbing brow;
To clasp their hands—Ah, how I miss
Their gentle presence with me now.

And while I pray for them this day—
Just as that glinting sunbeam fell,
A brilliant ray lights up my way,
The glory of our God to tell.
A cheering thought, by angels brought,
Makes clear the turbid, troubled stream;
A blessed truth divinely taught—
I know it is no fleeting dream.

For just so sure as I endure,
In patience cease to cry aloud,
The Lord's bright promises, most sure,
Dispel the fog, remove each cloud,
True joys reveal, and make me feel
That all I bear is right and just.
Faith's cheering ray, He will reveal—
Oh blessed balm of hope and trust!

THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

[Last evening's "News" contained a letter from R. F. Neslen, general agent of the Burlington, to W. C. Spence of the President's office, calling attention to the discovery on the North Platte of a grave above which was an old wagon tire bearing the name "Rebecca Winters."

It was thought that Mrs. Winters might be a Mormon pioneer; and it transpires that she was. She died and was buried on this spot in 1852. She was the grandmother of Mrs. H. J. Grant and Mrs. A. O. Woodruff.—DESERET NEWS.]

On a lone and dreary prairie,
Near the banks of North Platte River,
Pioneers in grief were camping,
Camping on the lonely prairie,
For a noble, faithful mother
Had succumbed from dire privation,
Had exhausted all her powers
And had passed from all her sorrows.

Then her little daughter Helen
Wept with childish grief unbroken,
Sobbed upon her father's bosom
While he held her closely folded
To his heart with grief o'er-laden.
Wistfully I gazed upon her;
Sympathetic tears in showers
Flowed with those of little Helen.

For upon tomorrow's morning
We must hasten on our journey,
Go without our playmate's mother;
Leave her buried on the prairie,
Where no tender hand could scatter
Flowers of loving recollection;—
Where fond tears could never water
Tender buds which here might blossom.

But my grandsire, rich in wisdom,
He the counsellor and leader—
He the noble, honored captain—
Could not deem it just to leave her
Thus without a slab or grave-stone.
Then he called my worthy father,
Who, with will and genius ready,
Brought a cast-off wagon tire.

And upon it chiseled plainly,
Just the name "Rebecca Winters,"
Then this tire round, unbroken,
Like the love of those who left her,
As her monument—our token,
Was secured by dext'rous working
Round about with stone and boulder,
And the greensward smoothly moulded.

Then we passed upon our journey—
Far away o'er hill and prairie,
Over bare and sandy desert,
Over steep and shelving mountain,
Leaving her in death to slumber
In her grave, so still and lonely,
In the solitude of nature—
In the presence of her Maker.

On we passed with prayers to Heaven
That this grave should be protected,
That the sod should stay unbroken,
That this circling band of iron
Should remain where hands so willing
Here had placed it mid their sighing,
That the spot of her interment,
Might be found by those who followed.

Now, though years are flown—full forty,
Since we left her on the prairie—
Comes a distant, far-off message:
Close beside the North Platte River,
Has been found a grave still guarded
By a tire of rusted iron,
And upon it, plainly graven,
Honored name, "Rebecca Winters"!

Still legible the chiseled letters,
Symbols formed by hands now folded
In the last, long sleep of mortals.
With this message comes the query:
"Who was she,—Rebecca Winters?
Pioneer?" Ah! truly was she!
Placed her all upon the alter,
Gave her life for Cause most worthy!

Then should we, the sons and daughters
Of such mothers—Of such fathers
Give to them deserving honors
For the hardships and privation,
For the trials they encountered,
For self sacrifice and patience
On that long, eventful journey
To redeem the western desert!

Before these flowers can reach thy side,
Their petals fair may droop and die—
But friendship's charm will e'er abide,
Most sacred gift of Him on high.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Fair bud with its frail stem broken,
Sweet song that was left unsung,
Fond words that were never spoken,
Left the harp of life unstrung.

Folded bud that never opened,
Sweet flower that might have bloomed—
What an emblematic token
Of the hope that lies entombed!

Ah, the harp sent forth no message,
Alas, it was left unstrung;
Dear voices were hushed and silent,
With the beautiful song unsung.

The words that were never spoken,
Left a dreary, aching void;
A heart and a spirit broken—
The hopes of a life destroyed.

And the words are still unspoken;
Sweetest songs are yet unsung;
Buds, blighted, and bruised, and broken;
Life's harp yet remains unstrung!

Then where! oh, where is fruition!
The guerdon for mortal woes?
We look to the Great Physician
Who all of our sorrow knows.

He healeth the wounded spirit,
He bindeth the broken reed,
He voices the unvoiced music,
Supplieth the unfilled need!

DAYS THE DEAREST.

O Mothers, remember when children are young,
While listening to prattle of innocent tongue,
While you patiently answer the unending call—
That now is the happiest season of all.

Oh, hear the dear voices so tender and sweet,
Oh, heed the soft patter of tottering feet,
Soothe gently the bruises that come from a fall—
Remember these days are the dearest of all.

When you hush them to sleep with lullaby song,
These moments of bliss, O you mothers, prolong;
For time with its changes may come as a pall,
When they've slipped from your arms beyond your recall.

Then hold them secure in loving embrace,
In the folds of your love to ever have place.
Through sorrow, e'en sin—whatever befall,
Encompassed by mother-love, constant through all.

For, indeed, there may come, as moments flit on,
A time when the bliss of these days will be gone;
Sweet memory only, all you can recall,
Of hours that e'er will be sweetest of all.

Then breathe a soft prayer as you lull them
to sleep,
That Father His watch-care forever may
keep;
He hears e'en the ravens, He heeds every call,
His love the sublimest, divinest of all!

MOUNT HOOD.

Near where the picturesque Columbia flows,
Enclothed for aye in everlasting snows,
Stands rugged, old Mount Hood with towering
peak
Where morning sunbeams oft play "hide and
seek"!
Bright rays reflecting myriad colored light,
Transcending diamond glint of stars by night;
O'er craggy cliff, or fathomless ravine,
Not man, but thou, O Sun, with light serene
Can penetrate and delve and then return
again—
Yet tellest not what thou hath seen to men!

Thou icy Hood! what freak hath placed you
here,
So high and rough, so bleak, and cold, and drear,
With gulch and crags and rocky steeps on high,
With dizzy heights beyond the human eye,
With shelving rock and dangerous abyss,
With instant death if feet should go amiss!
Was it to tempt the vain, adventurous mind
To scale thy summit, laurels bright to find?
To make for poets' pens unending theme—
Or better still, show power of One supreme?

Ah, thou art king of glaciers round about,
Though other mounts have snow-white banners
out,
And "Lost Lake," too, so quiet and alone,
Hath hid herself beyond thy tow'ring throne!
In majesty thou reignest monarch here—
Above the clouds in ether light and clear
Thy tow'rs and spires, and pinnacles retreat—
Thou seem'st to bring the moon low at thy
feet—
Art thou, like me, e'en striving too, to gain
A dwelling place in heaven's bright domain?

FEDORA.

My senses cope with dallying time,
When far from thee, Fedora, mine!
Was it the morn of this long day
I saw thee carried far away,
Borne by the waves to yonder shore,
Where lofty pines sigh evermore?
The days, the hours are long and drear,
When not with thee, Fedora dear!

Thy kerchief fluttered light and free,
Thy voice came floating back to me;
It brought on ether's moistened breeze,
Thy sweet good-byes, while 'neath the trees
I watched thy craft pass from my view,
Far down the river, deep and blue;
I lingered still, with love's lone tear,
To pray for thee, Fedora dear!

Again at eve, I sit beside
Clounbia's Waters, deep and wide,
I hear the waves with swish and splash,
Upon the grey sands, surge and dash.
I watch and wait; in twilight mist
I strain my ears; with hope I list
For dip of oar, to bring to shore
Fedora mine, my joy restore.

The evening shades have gathered fast,
Night's purple curtain hath o'er-cast
The world "and pinned it with a star!"
Ah, stars and love! alas, how far!
Come back to me, beloved one,
Where rolls the restless Oregon!
All joys of earth and Heaven I'd share
With thee, my own Fedora fair.

LOVE DIVINE.

O Father, if I've been unkind,
Unjust in word or thought,
If any heart my acts offend,
Or grief to others brought,
Forgiveness now of Thee I seek,
On bended knees I bow:
Oh, make me strong wherein I'm weak—
Help to forgive as Thou.

Bless me with charity and love
And faith in human-kind;
To see the good in other souls,
To all their faults be blind.

A helping hand in love extend
To any down the hill,
That I may prove a loyal friend
To suffering, sad or ill.

And if a heart is sore with sting
From slight or words unkind,
May I the balm of solace bring
Their wounds to soothe and bind.
Oh, help me love humanity,
And all its virtues see,
For those who love most tenderly
Are surely most like Thee.

VERDANT TREES.

O verdant trees, green waving trees,
Now fanned by springtime's balmy breeze,
What memories my fancy weaves,
Amid thy young and shimmering leaves.

I see my father's form so dear,
I hear my mother's voice so clear,
While brothers, sisters, too, come near
With gleeful sports and words of cheer.

We hie away to groves, I ween,
Neath skies of blue, in peace serene,
We plan our joys, we choose our queen,
With flowers crown her on the green.

The birdlings sing, their notes I greet,
I hear the little lambkins bleat,
I seem to see wild roses sweet,
Their petals dropping at my feet.

O blessed memories, now rife,
They bring back joys of childhood life
So free from worldly care and strife,—
The dearest, sweetest part of life.

IN THE WILDERNESS OF MEXICO.

Camping on the lonely prairie, 'neath a brilliant starlit sky,
From the distance—weird and weary, comes the wild coyote's cry;
He is fierce, and gaunt, and hungry, watching at this midnight hour,
Barking, howling in a frenzy, seeking what he may devour.

In this wilderness so quiet, nature's children roam at will,
Savage tribes now run at riot, over plain, and dale, and hill,
Through the grass so tall and slender, reptiles drag their length along;
In their nests the birdlings, tender, long have hushed their vesper song.

Craggy steeps, the precious metals like unwilling prisoners, hold,
Flowers, too, have closed their petals, holding dew-drops in their fold;
And like sentinels the cacti rear their towering forms on high,
As afflicted saints, in anguish, turn their faces to the sky.

Mescal, so heavy in its juices, dot the hillside thickly here,
Born to pamper man's abuses, oft to cause the bitter tear,
Like so many of God's mercies—destined for a higher plain—
But by evil thought perverted, bringing endless grief and pain.

Even through the winter months the ooze is green, while graceful vines,
Make luxuriant, fairy bowers in the treetops where they twine;
Mistletoe, like faithful brothers, clinging in the limbs above —
Just as true, devoted mothers, never loose their bonds of love.

While the starlight, soft and mellow, forms my covering overhead,
Mother-earth my welcome pillow—angels watching o'er my bed—
Wondering brain, in wakeful vision, wanders far to former days;
Ancient peoples and their mission—what their habits, hopes and ways.

Now from out the yawning caverns, o'er the cliffs so high and steep,
Where they dwelt in fear and trembling, dusky faces seem to peep;
Forms seem flitting from each crevice, voices whisper soft and low,
Echoing o'er hill and terrace, thrilling tales of long ago.

When the ancient tribes of Lehi sought to find the promised land,
Thither led by righteous Nephi, through the Lord's inspired command;
He who took the high position e'er to walk in holy light,
By example and monition, sought to teach his brothers right.

Yet though brothers, of one mother, anger, jealousy and strife,
Oft arose with one another, through their wild and rambling life.
Through repeated generations peaceful days were far between,
Though they laid such great foundations—relics are so often seen.

Mounds and terrace in profusion, strongholds in the mountain peak,
When they fled in wild confusion, peace and safety there to seek.
Records, too, were often hidden 'neath the strong, cemented wall,
Where the pine trees now unbidden rear their branches thick and tall.

Smooth, metallic, broken oyer, hieroglyphics on the stones,
And uncovered there before you, bleeching, mouldering, human bones.
And it seems opposing forces met in battle's fierce array,
For we find their battle-axes even at this distant day.

Ancient structures, long since buried, modern
science has revealed,
Wealth and want to one grave hurried, raging
elements concealed.
Was it when the blessed Savior gave His life
for mortal sin,
That in penitent behavior earth and sea then
shrank within?

Fruitful plains, and peaceful waters, in con-
vulsive nature's throe—
Wildly threw themselves together, burying
cities far below.
Closing o'er their wretched victims—silenced
all their songs of war—
Stilled the voice of hopeful peace-time, final
setting of life's star.

Rising not till generations long have slept and
passed away,
While their old, corrupt traditions, with their
bodies find decay.
But the Gospel ne'er was vanquished; writ on
leaves of gold, concealed,
Though long buried, while truth languished, is
again to earth revealed:—

Telling of those ancient races, how they strug-
gled for the right,
Till on their beclouded faces beamed the Ever-
lasting Light.
Darkened natures then illumined by God's
sacrifice for sin,
For His Son, with passions human, came re-
demption to begin.

How He taught the Jewish nation principles
of righteousness,
Speaking words of sure salvation, all mankind
to save and bless.
But rejected was the message, by the masses
on the earth,—
Little realized the blessings, failed to grasp
the prize of worth.

Then the world for many ages, long in stagnant
darkness slept,
As we find from history's pages, troubled men
and women wept:—
Heresies and false traditions, blinding doubt,
and base desire,
Only lowered man's condition, smouldering the
hidden fire.

Till a youth of humble station—promised at
that distant day—
Was vouchsafed a heavenly message, telling
where the records lay.
Now restored again the Gospel, in its full and
prestine worth,
To all nations, tongues, and people that may
dwell upon the earth.

OMNIPRESENCE.

In tree, and leaf, and flower, in sunshine and
in shower,
In valley, plain and glen, in craggy mountain
tower,
In nature's sweetest songs of wondrous, flit-
ting birds,

In busy, humming bees, in fields and lowing herds,
In calm and hurricane, in sunshine and in rain,
In peaceful, placid seas, in dashing, roaring main,
In waters bubbling free, in fleecy, silv'ry cloud.
In every floating breeze,—Thy voice doth speak aloud;

In hoary age and youth, in joys and falling tears,
In friendship, love and truth, in faith that knows no fears,
When stern rebuke shall come—or mild and loving words,
We feel, Thy will be done—Thy love the spirit girds.
In pain and sorrow, too, we recognize Thy hand;
We feel it just, though oft we fail to understand.
For through life's fitful scene, in darkness most profound—
'Twas no alluring dream—Thy precious love we found.

ADVERSITY.

Though adversity may sweep our earthly all away,
We must not doubt nor weep, but meekly bow and say,
Thy will be done, O Lord, we know thou'rt ever near,

Can give the just reward, can dry the falling tear.
Prosperity may bless each effort mortals make,
But we in gratefulness must use it for Thy sake;
E'en when affliction's yoke hath sorely weighed us down,
We must humbly bear the cross, for we want to wear the crown.

MY MAY-FLOWER.

This Sabbath morn, while all is peace,
In nature's quietude supreme,
My burdened spirit finds release,
With folded hands I pause to dream.
It is a balmy day in May—
The twenty-fifth—when roses bloom,
When earth is clothed in raiment gay,
And air is filled with sweet perfume.

Now backward flit the golden hours,
The days and weeks and months and years,
Since to my arms with magic powers,
My darling came to dry my tears.
Beloved one, God's gift of love—
Divinely sent to soothe my heart,
To help me bravely look above,
When far from dearest ones apart.

How sweet and tenderly she's filled
Her special mission on the earth.
Her gentle presence hath instilled
A love supreme, e'er since her birth.
Sweet, gentle peace and hope and trust

From out her being seems to shine;
In human judgment ever just,
In sweetest sympathy, divine.

In tenderness I crave for her
A life of peace and constant joy,
With power to find the Comforter
That holy peace each hour employ.
In fervent prayer, on bended knee,
I seek His constant, tender love,
To help her all His mercies see,
And all His wondrous wisdom prove.

TO L. T. F.

Through ice and snow
The violets grow.
Through life's drear storms
My heart still warms
With love for you—
'Tis ever true.
May birthday joy
Have no alloy,
True friendships bless.
Yours,—E. R. S.

A MOTHER.

The very sweetest thing of all
The world that we can ever know—
Sublimest thought that e'er could fall
From lips of mortals here below;
"She was a mother true and good.
She reared her children in God's ways,
Her faithful, patient Motherhood!
Can never gain full meed of praise."

A SON IS BORN.

Little infant, spark immortal,
Beaming on this mortal world,
You have come from realms eternal—
Here where shafts of pain are hurled;
Leaving scenes of joy and gladness,
Where angelic hosts now sing,
Changing all for pain and sadness
That this mortal life may bring.

What hath brought thee here, fair jewel,
Far from Heaven's radiant beam?
Brought thee to this world oft cruel,
Here to drink life's bitter stream?
Dost thou come from mansions holy,
Just to bear a mortal name,
To partake of passions lowly,
Then to perish like a flame?

Who hath said it! who can think it!
That this brief, uncertain span,
Is the sum of all existence,
Is the all of wondrous man!
Rather in that sphere supernal,
Ere the Son of God was born,
You were of the host celestial.
On that great Creation Morn!

Myriad spirits since have waited
Anxiously to visit earth,
And accept the boon, elated
To receive a mortal birth;

With pure joy accept the mission,
Of a life on earth awhile,
Therein gaining greater wisdom
By enduring earthly trial.

In partaking of life's sorrow
Greater blessings are obtained,
Adding to our great Tomorrow,
By the knowledge we have gained;
So at last the life unending
In that home beyond the vail,
Is our portion for contending
For the Right, which will prevail!

WHERE IS MY BOY.

O ye mothers, watching, weeping
For the one who does not come,
Hoping, praying, never sleeping—
Till the heart grows cold and numb,
Ah, with all your senses reeling,
Wildly asking where he roams,—
Whys and wherefores vainly seeking—
Listening, but he never comes.

Only One can know thy anguish
Through the darkness of the night,
Dread suspense, acute perception
Through each moment's tardy flight.
Only One can hear thy prayers,
Make thee feel they're not in vain,
Shield him from the direst evil,
Bring thy darling home again.

RUTH'S VALENTINE.

May kisses fond, thine eyelids press,
When eventide is near,
Through all thy life may fond caress,
Cause eyes to ope without a tear.
Dear Ruth! oh, may the angels bring
Thee choicest blessings every day;
Love's tender, gentle ministering
Bestrew rich blessings on thy way;
Through all thy life find joys divine,
My darling, little Valentine.

THE FAITH THAT CHEERS.

Oh, so oft in silent wonder, grateful praises fill my soul,
For earth's clouds seem burst asunder, scenes most glorious unroll.
Through the mists of bye-gone ages, through the heresies of time
I am borne on fleeting pinions, into regions most sublime.
There behold the mystic wonders of that life beyond the grave,
Ah, I marvel at its splendor, and the power of Him who gave,
Oh, indeed, my soul rejoices that the veil is rent in twain,
That my being is transported to my spirit-home again.
And I fain would linger ever in my Father's mansion there,

For our earthly joy can never with immortal
bliss compare.
But there comes a gentle whisper softly breath-
ing in mine ear,
Mortal child, you are not ready for this grand,
exalted sphere.
You were chosen in the Heavens for a purpose
to come forth,
To fulfill a sacred mission to the children of
the earth.
You must bravely work and struggle selfish
feelings to subdue,
Prove to God's revealed commandment ever
valiant, staunch and true.
Though the days seem long and dreary and
the guerdon far away,
Plod, thou, on, though sad and weary, there
will come the promised day—
When your life-work is completed, and your
burdens all laid down,
Worthy of celestial glory, with the ransomed,
wear the crown!

ASHES OF ROSES.

Oh, once again I sit upon the hearth,
Where we together sat long years agone.
And plighted words of trust and sacred faith,
In life's bright spring, in love's awakening
dawn.

How sweet and tender were the words he
spake;
My heart attuned to love's entrancing tone.

I trembled lest I dreamed and might awake,—
A world of perfect bliss seemed all mine own.

Sweet memories arise as I behold
The corner where we sat beside the fire,
Each breathing sacred vows—so often told—
Of which a woman's heart can never tire.

The fires which glowed upon that homely hearth,
Have long since smouldered into ashes, grey—
Now blackened coals, so silent in their death—
But memory will live—aye, live alway.

A VISION.

Low at the mountain's foot, I dreamed I stood alone;
With shelving rock, and boulders hanging from above,
While through the canyon gorge the sobbing wind made moan
As echoes from a heart that had not home nor love.
And all those rugged heights I needs must mount alone—
Must climb with blistered feet, and hands all scratched and torn;
With burdens hard to bear—bent back and throbbing head,
A soul bowed down with care, while heart-strings ached and bled.

The sky was dark with clouds, the sun had
hid his face—
The night was coming on, the summit still
ungained;
While through the thick'ning gloom I tried a
path to trace
With eyes e'er turned above and murmuring
thought restrained.
When lo! through chilling mists, came beam-
ing from afar
A faint and flickering light, as from a distant
star—
A sweet and soothing voice now whispered in
mine ear:
"Arise, look up. rejoice! no longer need you
fear!

A firm but gentle hand enclasped my weary
arm,
My heavy load he seemed to bear with lambent
powers;
The clouds and mists had flown; I felt so safe
from harm,
We seemed translated to a land of birds and
flowers.
And there I listened to that tale of long ago
When heart beat high with hope, and spirits
all aglow—
No longer need I climb those thorny paths
alone,
For oh, his heart and love were mine! Oh,
yes, my very own!

And both our hearts were God's—for He had
brought us back
Through all the winding paths and stormy
scenes of life,
Back once again, ah, yes, into the beaten track
Where greatest joys are found, for all the
strife.
But visions fade—Now, need I, must I deem
This bright and happy ending but a fleeting
dream?
Must I resume the task, take up my heavy load,
With patience, hope and faith, still climb the
hilly road?

MATUTINAL MUSINGS.

Before the early rays of morn
Dispel the gloom and bring us dawn,
My heart ascends to Father's throne,
And all His love and mercies own.
I thank Him for this night of rest—
That through my life He's loved and blessed
And watched o'er me with tender care,
And heard my earnest, fervent prayer.

Through every day, my pulses warm
To all of nature's soothing charm:
Each leaf and tree and floweret sweet,
Green shady glens, and lone retreat,
The clear, blue sky, the fleecy cloud,
The rising sun which speaks aloud
Of Father's wond'rous love and power,
Shed o'er His children every hour.

The babbling brook with mossy side,
The forest cool and deep and wide,
And all I see below, above,
Express, a Father's constant love.
Proclaim His power and might the while
Make earth, and sea, and heaven smile.
For His transcendant, watchful care
My soul pours forth its wealth of prayer.

With solemn thought, in reverent mood,
My heart rebounds in gratitude.
And ere I start again life's quest
I seek renewal of my zest.
Each purpose of my life to fill;
In meekness lean upon His will,
In strength and faith and perfect trust,
Forever feel that God is just.

BARD.

With these fair flowers we send our love,
To greet you on your natal day,
With choicest blessings from above,
To guide through all life's winding way.

For oh, we love you fond and true,
Because we understand you best;
No one can half so well love you,
'Till years of time hath made the test.

Until they know your tender heart,
The noble motive of your soul,
The sympathy you can impart,
The honor that your thoughts control.

And this can best be known by those
Who live with you from year to year;
Each thought, and word, and action shows
Your power to chase away the tear.

Your skill to soothe and comfort all,
Relieve the pain of sick and sad.
To answer e'en the midnight call—
To make the suffering mother glad.

And in our hearts, and in our home,
Our love for you will ever live
Oh, in the future may there come
Reward for all the good you give.

God bless you, dear, beloved one,
On this another natal day.
May all of worldly cares be flown,
And joys abound, we humbly pray.

Ere these fair flowers can reach thy side
Their petals bright may droop and die,
But our affections will abide—
Time, death, and change love will defy.

I MISS THEE.

I miss thee, darling, every hour,
I miss thy sweet, magnetic power
To soothe, and cheer, and ease my heart,
And make my waning pulses start.
I miss thy loving, cheering smile
Which thrills me still—though mile on mile
Between us lie. Though weary days
Must pass before on thee I gaze,
Thine image in my soul will live

The brightness of its joy to give,
An inspiration sweet and pure—
'Twill ever and a day endure!

Now you must feel, my child, so dear,
Your mother's yearning presence near
Through every weary day of care,
In all the trials you may bear,
To help as loving mothers can,
The spark of fortitude to fan.
Such love as ours—as yours and mine—
Can span the hills, survive all time,
Transcend the bounds of time and space;
Ah, wondrous token of God's grace!
This love we bear each other here
Makes even earth a heavenly sphere.

TO NELLIE.

She gave to me a white, white rose,
My little maid, with soul as white,
With opening petals that disclose
An overflow of pure delight.
This beauteous flow'r is withered now,
Its pliant stem is dead and dry;
And yet no gem above my brow
Could bring such light into my eye—
Could bring such peace into my heart,
Such thrilling sense of buoyant bliss,—
Could make my throbbing pulses start
Like maiden with her lover's kiss.
Now when, by chance, I found this flower
It seemed like incense from above;
It gladdens e'en this lonely hour,
It tells me of my darling's love.

COULD I ASK FOR MORE!

Though youth and beauty long hath flown,
And oft in sad regret I moan—
For oft the way is drear—
Though far in alien lands I roam
Away from friends, and love, and home,
I have no mortal fear.

Though days with busy care be fraught,
And life's ambitions bring me naught
But disappointments, sore,
My soul's bright hopes unflinching rise
Above this world's sad tears and sighs
To spheres I've roamed before.

Though gold and splendor be not mine,
I boast a wealth that is divine—
A priceless, sacred lore!
The perfect faith that Father lives,
That all I have He freely gives—
Ah! could I ask for more?

JOHN.

Of noble birth, of noble name,
More noble still thy generous heart;
Although perchance unknown to fame,
You are of all that's good, a part.
The power you have for doing good,
Will live within the souls of men,
Will wake sweet notes of gratitude,
To make your soul rejoice again;—

Will touch the spring of great desire
To tread the paths of righteousness.
Renew the spark of dormant fire,
That will remotest ages bless.

May all thy days and hours to come,
Be fraught with joys most sweet and true,
Surrounded in thy happy home,
With dear ones e'er to love you.
And all you put your hands to do,
Redownd in richest, rarest wealth,
Your path with pearls of wisdom strew,
With blessings, too, of perfect health.
May all the powers of brain and brawn,
And tender feelings of the soul,
Grow brighter as the years roll on,
To guide you back to Heaven's goal.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Along the winding river by the road
I turn my steps at midnight's silent hour,
I lift my heart in thankfulness to God,
There own His ever great, omniscient pow'r.

I feel His love in moonbeam's soft'ning glow,
And twinkling stars that gild the azure dome;
I hear it in the river's ceaseless flow,
I see it in the dashing water's foam.

Again, I hear it in the quiv'ring trees,
Perceive it in the fragrant flow'rets breath,
I sense it in the sighing, passing breeze,
In blessed life—and even solemn death.

UNTOLD LOVE.

A kindred feeling, friend, so dear,
I felt for thee when first we met;
And it hath strengthened, year by year,
Without one feeling of regret—
Because each day such traits revealed
That bound my heart with firmer hold;
And still, it seems it was concealed—
This tender passion left untold.

And yet a fond devotion, true,
Lies deeply hidden in my heart.
It lives! It budded, bloomed for you,—
No language can its power impart.
Though others may with tender words
Express affection, fond and true,
Though thoughts more eloquent you've heard,
Though sweeter smiles have beamed for you.

No one more truly, deeply feels,
Not one whose love will longer live,
Though outward semblance oft conceals
The fond devotion I would give.
Now one poor boon I fain would crave:
Think kindly, though I may seem cold,
Ah, deep below the ocean's wave
Lie treasures more than can be told!

O Thou great Ruler of the universe,
Thy glory and Thy wisdom thrills my soul
With solemn, overpowering thought!
The sky, the earth, the sea, and all therein
By skill most infinite were wrought!

THE DEARS I LOVE.

My soul adores the birds and butterflies,
The graceful, waving trees and fragrant flowers,
Grand mountain peaks and clouds of sunset skies,
Soft, hazy mists of twilight's dreamy hours;
And all that Mother Nature gives to life
Of harmony in music's tone or tint
Or shade of gorgeous hue: the world so rife
With beauty's glow, and sunshine without stint.

These are my dears; and in them all I see
The glory of that loving One, who wrought
These wondrous things. His power and majesty
Unto this mortal world all good hath brought.
But dears the dearest of all else to me
Are angel spirits sent from Heavenly spheres,
Most precious gems of immortality!
My children sweet,—dearer than all dears.

The tender love of noble sons e'er tell
The greatness of my Father's constant care;
For they have done for me their duty well,
They've brought me bliss supreme, beyond compare.
The rose-tint in my daughters' dimpled cheeks
More raptures bring than nature's sweetest flowers;
Light from their sparkling eyes devotion speaks—
Their tender ministry makes pleasant hours.

Indeed, the sweetness of their spirits, pure,
The world inanimate cannot express;
The beauty of their souls will e'er endure,
With power to cheer mankind, to love, and
bless.
Of all creations of our Father here,
Which glorifies the earth, which poets boast,
God's gifts to me, the sweetest best and dear,
The dears I love, and thank Him for the most.

FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

Dear Friend, 'tis long since last we met,
E'en years have passed and gone;
Ah, many tears our eyes have wet,
And joys our hearts have known—
While varied seasons come and go
With time's unceasing ebb and flow.

The hoary frost and winter's wind
And springtime's fragrant breath, ,
All leave their constant trace behind—
Their change from life to death.
When such transitions we behold,
Can we forget, we're growing old!

How many seasons since we met,
How many flowers have bloomed;
How many suns have rose and set,
How many hopes entombed!—
Since we last clasped each other's hand
In Utah's far beloved land.

Since then our barks have oft been tossed
By wind and wave and storm—
Yet, through them all we've never lost
True friendship's binding charm.
The precious bonds of sympathy
Are just as strong twix't you and me.

E'en earth and sea and all they hold
May change and pass away,
There still remains one prize untold,
It lives without decay!—
God's love, and immortality
Endure throughout eternity!

Dear friend, how oft my heart doth yearn
To hear your loving words,
Ah, could the past, with you, return
With youth, and songs of birds,
When we rejoiced in mutual love,
With angels smiling from above,

May this heart message wafted be
By holy whisperings;
Oh, may a heav'nly ecstacy
Be brought on seraphs' wings
To chase the darkest clouds away,
And rainbow glintings gild the day.

And when life's battles all are o'er,
With noble vict'ries won,
When we have reached the other shore,
With sacred duties done,
In sweet congenial converse then,
May we together dwell again!

FIRST AND LAST.

Oh, the first rose of summer we pluck for you, dear,
The very first one on the bush to appear,
We send it with love and with blessings from home,
An earnest of others preparing to come.

May it be as a promise of buddings of bliss,
That will open for you with sweet loving kiss—
The realization of hope's fondest dream,
Rebounding in blessings and joys most supreme.

* * *

Oh, these beautiful roses so fragrant and fair,
They speak of God's goodness, they tell of His care,
They breathe our fond love for the dear ones away,
They bring our hearts near thee this bright summer's day.

Yes, they bloom and they fade and their soft petals fall
They silently answer the last solemn call.
But one now is left and I'll send it along,
I am sure it will sing to my dear ones Loves song.

* * *

Ah, the last rose of summer I pluck with much pain,
So long it must be e'er they blossom again;

The winter with storms will sweep cold o'er
the earth,
And perhaps in our souls new sorrows have
birth.

Yet through all wint'ry winds and tempest,
and storm,
We are sure there remains the sap that will
warm,
Safe hidden away in the mould of the earth,
Just awaiting God's touch to awaken new
birth.

So with all of life's sorrows, distresses and
pain,
We know they come not to weak mortals in
vain;
In our hearts peace and faith, true blessings
disclose,
As sweet as the first, or the last summer's
rose.

Oh, may life's founts forever flow,
With streams of holiness and truth,
Thy star of hope to ever glow,
And all the fairest flowers of earth,
Forever in thy pathway bloom
To greet thee with a sweet perfume—
To make thy days like sunny June,
With nature's songs for aye in tune.

MESSENGERS OF PEACE.

Sweet flowers, go and tell my love how much of love
My yearning heart for her doth hold within!
Go, let thy subtle fragrance my devotion prove,
Thy dainty presence her affection win.

Sweet flowers, take for me a message fond and true
Of bygone days; wake tender memories,
When hearts were young and blithe, and springtime's skies were blue;
Into her soul breathe sweetest melodies.

Sweet flowers, take with thee a soothing, healing balm,
Go, gently ease the spirit now forlorn,
That tears no more may flow, life's seas be ever calm,
Unto the tempest-tossed God's light be borne.

Go, beauteous flowers, thou messengers of peace!
And in pure language of the higher spheres
Breathe thou, sweet, tender tones, imprisoned thought release,
With soothing strokes to brush away all tears.

Go, by thy sacred presence, and awaken faith
In Him who sent thee here to gladden earth,
Go, bloom along each weary, winding path
And testify of everlasting birth!

MEMORIAL DAY.

O blessed day in flow'ry May,
With sacred mem'ries fraught,
We honor those now passed away,
With tender, loving thought.

From scented bow'rs we gather flow'rs,
We cull the hillside bloom,
With sorrow's tears, heart's fount of show'rs,
To strew upon the tomb.

The loved ones sleep, we sigh and weep,
Fond hopes are buried here;
While on this day our tryst we keep,
Their spirits linger near.

Our treasures rare, the pure and fair,
The noble, good and brave
Alike, the pangs of death must share,
And slumber in the grave.

But cheering thought, to mortals brought,
They wake to sleep no more;
This miracle our Savior wrought
On Galilee's far shore.

THE WAY TO HIS HEART.

To maiden fair about to wed,
These are the words her Grandma said:
Take heed of every household care,
And on the dot each meal prepare.

Have table spread with linen white,
With glass and china shining bright,
Your centerpiece of dainty flowers
Culled fresh in early morning hours.

'Twill help to make life's joys complete
If "staff of life" is light and sweet,
And baked an even golden brown—
'Twill turn to smiles the darkest frown.

And in preparing spring lamb roast,
Be sure it's not like "zwieback" toast;
And juicy steaks fried down to leather,
Turn sunny days to frosty weather.

Full oft you'll hear a deep-drawn sigh,
For thought will surely backward fly
On these occasions, if no other,
To cooking of his own, dear mother.

But now, my dear, be never cross,
For smiles are just the best of sauce;
Your home in order is, I ween,
The glory of the household queen!

Of all God's handiwork we see,
As oft Life's viviscope we scan,
We find His masterpiece to be
A noble, true and honest man!

THE BIRD'S GREETING.

Oh, well I remember a song of the spring,
Sweet notes of a bird as it passed on the wing;
And to my fond heart it was sweeter by far
Than music of harp or lute or guitar.

It said: Little girl, up, awake, and arise,
For sunbeams are tinting the far eastern skies,
The flowers are blooming, the grass is so green,
But you, dearest one, are of flowers, the queen.

Come out in the sunshine, the fresh, balmy air,
Oh, let the soft breezes blow gently your hair,
Pink roses will bloom on your beautiful cheek,
And you'll feel greater joy than language can speak.

In the pure bracing air, 'mid sunshine and flowers,
The music of birds, the rose-scented bowers,
Among the bright things our Father has given
You'll feel His dear presence, and look up to Heaven.

INFINITE LOVE.

For all that we have, we thank Thee,
Our Father in Heaven above,
For life, and all that it brings us,
But most for Thine infinite love.

For every manifold blessing,
For power to think, and to move,
For Truth forever progressing,
But most for Thine infinite love.

Again for blest inspiration
Thy marvelous wisdom to prove,
For Faith in each dispensation
Revealing Thine infinite love.

For peace which comes after turmoil
Sweet spirit as calm as a dove,
To soothe the dark troubled waters
With gracious and infinite love.

We praise Thee, dear Father in Heaven,
We pray that our actions may prove
We're grateful for all Thou hast given,
But most for Thine infinite love.

TWO SUNBEAMS.

Just out in the summer kitchen,
Getting the morning meal,
Where through the cracks in the chinking
The golden sunbeams steal.

I do not heed earth's glories,
Nor browsing, lowing herd,
Nor yet the beauteous flowers
Nor chirping song of bird.

Ah, my soul is full of discord
With life and nature's song,
I chafe beneath my burdens
Of drudgery all day long.

Each day the comport of the last,
A dreary monotone,
'Till youthful strength and hope are past,
And early vigor flown.

I wonder why my heart's desires,
And aspirations, fond,
Should smothered, be, like pent up fires,
My joys so far beyond.

My ardent hopes for learning's lore,
Seem but a flick'ring gleam;
My hopes for usefulness in store
All vanish like a dream.

Then turning from some homely task,
A vision caught my sight,
With smiling lips, and eyes that bask
In soft and radiant light.

Angelic presence! clothed in white,
With soul to young for guile,
Expressing innocent delight
To see the sunbeams smile!

Her tiny hand in matchless grace
Outstretched with eager grasp,
While hope and faith shone in her face,—
A sunbeam, bright, to clasp.

O childish faith, with power to see
The purest, best in life,
Thine own fair soul reflected free
From mortal taint and strife.

I stood entranced! enraptured, gazed
Upon that vision fair!
The glory of that upturned face
Had lighted all my care:—

Had chased the darkness from my soul;
The room—the world were bright;
Through life's dark gloom I saw the goal
Of everlasting light.

Ah! who could think this life a maze
With sunbeams bright as these?
To lift the heart in solemn praise,
To fill the soul with peace,

A little child had loosed the cord
That bound my fettered thought,
And from the chaos of my soul
Sweet hope and faith were brought.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

To E. B. W.

In the dawn of life's morning, with angels of light,
From thy Father's fair mansion thy spirit took flight,
Descending to earth to dwell among men,
And fill up the measure of three score and ten.

In thy New England home where our forefathers roved,
We see thee an infant so cherished and loved;
Fond parents could trace in thy face even then,
Achievements and triumphs of three score and ten.

In thine innocent childhood 'mid sunshine and
flowers,
'Neath bright smiling skies and nature's green
bowers,
Thy soul grew a poet in woodland and glen,
The buddings of promise of three score and
ten.

Soon to maidenhood grown in womanly grace,
With Heaven-born thought in thy spirituelle
face,
All beauties of nature thy heart adored then
As now it loves virtue at three score and ten.

With lovers a score, and true friendship's e'en
more
Heart and mind grew apace on Colonial
shore,
When the light of the Gospel—this boon to all
men,
Reached thy soul, and still fills it at three
score and ten.

When enwrapt in the duties of mother and
wife,
All thy heart's tender beauties awakened to
life,
Devoted to husband to children and friend,
Who all call thee blessed at three score and
ten.

Now the years flitting by on pinions of peace,
Thy works for the Right and the Truth e'er in-
crease;

Ever valiant and true to each trust as of yore,
Through all of the years,—even ten and three score.

Through time's fitful changes, its pleasures and pain,
The sweet and the bitter, the sunshine and rain
Unflinchingly faithful and true, thou hast been
To God and His cause, up to three score and ten.

All those who with thee hath ever communed,
Have felt their souls thrilled and their senses attuned
To holier themes; revealing again
The wealth of thy wisdom at three score and ten.

With knowledge and judgment thy mind is well fraught,
By great men and lowly, thy counsels are sought;
Thine aid has been given again and again,—
Thy duties are many at three score and ten.

But as seeds when they sink in the bosom of earth
Awaken to life, and rejoice in new birth,
Bear fruitage at last, and benefit men,
And increase even more than at three score and ten,—

Just so we proclaim thy harvest will be
A sanctified feast to thy children and thee.
Now thousands of friends will echo, Amen!—
Wishing "happy returns" at three score and ten.

RELIEF IN PRAYER.

Sometimes my heart grows sick and sad
With all this weight of mortal care;
In vain I say, I will be glad,
I'll contemplate the good and fair!
There seems a crushing sense of pain
Pervading everything on earth,
I cannot from such thoughts refrain,
Nor join my friends' light joy and mirth.
Until, with strong self-will, I bring
Determined faith and trust to bear,
Arouse myself, my sorrows fling,
And find relief in blessed prayer.

SNOWFLAKES.

Oh, the feathery flakes are coming down,
  Over the mountain, valley and town,
O'er the cottage roof and the palace proud,
  Enwrapping the earth in glistening shroud.
In semblance of death the world is asleep,
  While the skies their frozen teardrops weep.

But we used to say in the olden day,
  That Grandmother Goose had come that way,
And was emptying out her feather beds,
  To cover the drooping lily heads,
To keep our dear buttercups nice and warm,
  Our daisies safe from the blighting storm.

When out in the yard with upturned face,
  Watching them flutter in waving grace,

Letting them fall on our cheeks, in our eyes—
We smile with half expected surprise,
Till a tender voice with a note of fear,
Now bids us within for warming cheer.

Then pressing our faces against the pane,
Gazing above to that vast domain
Where myriad specks could be seen on high—
Such a fairy scene to a childish eye—
So softly, silently falling below,
We longed of this marvel more to know.

Most wonderful then it seemed to be
A deep and unfathomed mystery.
The old folks tales could not wholly deceive;—
Our childish faith made us rather believe
That Father in heaven, who lived above,
Had sent these messages with his love.

DIVINE AID.

How futile would be all our efforts,
Even weak the power of speech,
In vain our bravest endeavor
Our fondest ambitions to reach—
Without our Father's assistance
In climbing life's wearisome hill,
To cheer, to comfort, to strengthen
Our changing, oft flagging will.

How poignant would be the heart's anguish
Which mortals all meet with in life.
Pain, sickness, sorrow and parting,
The worry and turmoil and strife—

Without the light of God's glory
Directing us onward aright,
That tells of a power unbounded
Controlling each life with His might.

SISTER MARY.

Dear Mary, how I miss thee,
Thy kind and loving smile,
Thy noble heart so pure, so free
From every earthly guile.

Forever kind and good to me,
My many needs supplying—
There is no selfishness in thee—
Most tender, self-denying.

Thine ear the first to catch my sigh,
Thine eye the first to trace,—
Thy tongue to first ask reason why
The sorrow in my face.

Sweet comforter, so far from here,
I miss thee sadly now,—
I cannot check the rising tear,
In loneliness I bow.

For thee my heart will e'er abound
With love and gratitude!
No nobler spirit could be found
More faithful, true and good!

THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

The days are passing surely on,
These very precious, flitting hours;
Bright moments softly one by one,
Around us fall like golden showers.

Ah, all too soon will come the time
When we shall have to say "farewell"!
In hope—by faith the most sublime—
We'll say, "God speed," though hearts may
swell.

"God speed" to him our noble boy,
Who, in a distant, foreign land,
Will learn how great and true a joy
Is found in lending helping hand.

The joy in doing Heaven's will,
By spreading principles of truth;
In troubled, doubting souls His Word instill,
Both blessing those of age and youth.

Go, bear this message to the world,
That God, our Father, speaks again!
The Gospel banner is unfurled,
Redeeming man from sin and pain.

Be thou, dear son, in word and deed,
Example of the truths you bear.
Be faithful to yourself, your creed,—
Gain strength and wisdom, too, by prayer.

Remember, in each trying hour,
Our heart's petitions will ascend,
That you may have abundant power,
Truth's sacred precepts to defend.

May you, with all your duties done,
Come home again in health and peace.
To love and friends and mountain home—
In righteous works to still increase.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

In the dawning of life's morning,
While the sunbeams sparkle bright,
Genial rays on us descending,
Bring us constant, pure delight—
We are fraught with vital powers
Free and happy as the flowers.

Now with choicest blessings coming,
From our Father, wise and kind,
Let us show appreciation,
By enriching heart and mind
With the gems of sacred truth;
Let us plant them in our youth.

And while sacred links of kinship
Twine with fond affection's tie,
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
Watching us with loving eye—
Let us heed their earnest teaching,
For their honor ever reaching.

And remember that the morning
E'er is followed by the night,
And that after every springtime
Comes the winter clothed in white.
After youth, and all its beauty,
Cometh care, and work, and duty.

And to reap a bounteous harvest,
We must plant the golden grain,
So the warming, genial sunshine
And the summer's gentle rain,
May with warmth and moisture nourish,
Causing seeds to grow and flourish.

Thus should we in life's bright morning,
Then implant the germs of truth;
Ever heed kind wisdom's warning,
In our undeveloped youth.
Cultivate good seeds we've sown,
That by weeds they're not o'ergrown.

When shall come the time of reaping,
May we gain a rich reward,
Hear the welcome words of greeting,
Choicest blessings from the Lord—
Crowns of glory—recognition;
For life's planting, full fruition!

CLOUD-RIFTS.

Out beneath a cloudy sky,
Not one blue spot greets the eye;
Heart and soul in consonance
With the heaven's drear expanse.

Suddenly my pulses start,
Lo! the dark clouds burst apart—
Beaming o'er the hilly slope,
Brilliant promises of hope.

Oft when human joys have flown,
Hearts in silent anguish moan,
By the world their souls allured—
Faith in everything obscured,—

Lo! Our Father's potent hand,
With His word of high command,
Opens wide this long closed gate
To His children desolate.

RICHARD.

My noble son, would I had power to tell
How fondly in my heart thy virtues dwell,
And all the wealth of joy thou dost impart,—
The thankful pride that overflows my heart.
How drear the day when thou art far away;
I fain would near thy side forever stay.
Thou art of every living thought a part,
That wells within your mother's loving heart.

KINDRED SPIRITS.

There ne'er was a pleasure however so sweet,
But by your dear presence became more complete.
There ne'er was a grief o'er-burd'ning my heart,

But your words, so inspired, could comfort impart.
Ah, there is a power which binds us as one,—
Forever will bind, until life is done!
Eternally lives, through enternity's years,
Though boundless the days on the scroll now appears!

SUPREMEST GIFT.

Since dawn of existence how blessed we have been,
With life's sweetest flowers our pathway o'erstrewn,
God's sunshine hath burnished the oft changing scene,
And with His kind watch-care hath kept us in tune.

All beautiful nature is teeming with life,
Uplifting our souls to the glories above,
The proofs of His mercy and goodness are rife,
We read everywhere His wonderful love.

When dark wings of sorrow o'ershadow our way,
A Presence Divine e'er illumines the night;
The light of this love changes darkness to day,
The touch of a hand, though unseen in its might.

CONDOLENCE.

Ah, thou beloved, bereaved and weary one,
Is there by mortals ought that can be done
To soothe the troubled waters of thy soul—
To cause a calm of peace to theeward roll?

We cannot say, "Weep not!" for ah, we know
The anguished soul must let the tear-drops flow!
The broken spirit now must find relief
To keep the heart from bursting with its grief.

And yet, without a hope you must not grieve,
For there is One all sorrows can retrieve;
Yes, every grief and pain His prescience knows;
He sends the healing balm for all our woes.

He knows the whys and wherefores, and in time
We'll see His wondrous purposes sublime;
Ah, e'en the things which bring us deepest pain,
Sometime we'll know we suffered not in vain.

LIFE'S VINTAGE.

I'm working this morn in the garden,
My garden now blooming with cheer,
I'm waiting in vain for a greeting
From Helen, whose home is so near.

The cherry blooms fall without number,
The lilies are lifting their heads,

The daisies awake from their slumber,
The tulips all bright in their beds.

The greensward upspringing in verdure,
New life in each leaflet and flow'r,
While delicate tints of the myrtle
Bespeak an infinite power.

My being is flooded with glory,
Fruition of blessed reward,
Creation is telling the story
Of blessing that comes from the Lord.

I pensively pause in my labor
To listen and look o'er the way
For Helen, my friend and my neighbor,
Her voice, ah! 'tis silent today!

A flower hath passed from my vision,
Too early to droop from its stem,
Transplanted in gardens elysian,
The angels have garnered the gem.

And there through the rose-tinted seasons,
To live in the fruitage of bloom,
Divining God's wonderful reasons,
A victor o'er death and the tomb.

While Earth, in the depths of her bosom,
Enfolds all her mysteries rife,
In Heaven her strongholds will loosen,
Revealing the vintage of life.

BY THE SEA.

When daylight wanes and tasks are o'er,
I linger on the ocean shore.
I listen to its ceaseless roar,
I sit and watch the sea-gulls soar,
And then with lonely, yearning heart,
I wonder why we had to part.

I hear the billows surging moan,
I see the crested white-caps foam,
I watch the ships sail far from home,
And wonder when again they'll come.
Ah, treacherous wave, upon thy breast
You carry treasures I love best!

I watch the never-failing tide,
Pass to and fro, from side to side,
Throughout the ocean, deep and wide,
Then pray our Father's hand to guide—
To keep my darlings from all harm,
To shield them by His powerful arm.

The bounteous sky of gorgeous hue,
Now seems to meet the waters blue,
While gallant ship and sail-boat, too,
Are passing far beyond my view;
But sweetest thoughts of all the rest,
We'll meet again out in the west.

Afar from ocean's roar and brine,
There is a distant, western clime
Round which my heart-strings fondly twine—
That is the home for me and mine!
Oh, may we there all safely meet,
And know the joys of home so sweet!

CHRISTMAS GREETING

1903.

'Tis music of exquisite sweetness,
This melodious ringing of bells,
It reaches the world in completeness,
Oh, the beautiful story it tells:
Sweet story of loving and giving,
Of a sacrifice pure and divine,
That love which unites all the living,
And brings all our souls to one shrine.
May it bring unto thee sweet assurance
Of Father's continuous care;
Trusting hope and patient endurance,
And blessings beyond all compare.
May joys of the day be unbounded
With pleasures of true, lasting worth,
With love, and beloved one's surrounded,
Thy home made an Eden on earth.

* * *

Sweet accents on the ambient ether swells,
'Tis music of the merry Christmas bells!
They're ringing for the weary, rest and peace,
For long imprisoned souls a sweet release.
They loose life's fetters, set the spirit free!
Revealing visions of Eternity!

CHILD—WOMAN.

Oh! how the fitful years have flown,
My babe to womanhood hath grown!
I look into her soulful eyes,
Read wondrous thoughts, so good and wise—

So full of pure, inspiring love,—
God's heritage from courts above;
Bright, precious spirit, born to bless,
To cheer in hours of sore distress!

I watch her mind and heart expand,
I feel the pressure of her hand
And hear her voice, so soft and sweet,
As we each other, loving greet.
In infancy, in tender youth,
In womanhood, her life is truth.
God sent her here my life to cheer,
A woman now! my baby dear!

IN MEMORY OF A. T. H.

How short the span, how brief the day
That binds to earth a living soul!
This earthly part, a crumbling clay
That mortal strength cannot control!
These lives, encircling arms enfold,
E'en love and hope and faith are vain—
Enfeebling strength must loose its hold—
Must loose its grasp! Must humbly bow
In meek submission to God's will
Too weak to see the wherefore now—
Yet trusting faith is living still!

Above, beyond, o'ermastering all
The Universe of life and light,
Our Father's love shines through the pall
Of death and gloom and sorrow's night.
How infinite, how exhaustless! limitless—

Immutable and without end,
The power of God to bless—
How far His mercy can extend!
Through every changing, varying phase
Of mortal life upon the earth—
In tender, loving, nameless ways
Proclaims for us a second birth!

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Oh, the first rose of summer, I plucked for you, dear,
May it whisper sweet words of comfort and cheer;
May it tell the devotion, e'er faithful and true,
Love's sweet, dulcet notes to my dear one impart.
While it tells of the wonders that come from the sod,
And breathes of the wisdom and glory of God.

It bloomed for you, darling, the very first one,
As they did years ago, that fair, rosy June
When you went from our home a beautiful bride,
With your heart-mate so noble and true at your side;
When you flitted away from girlhood's bright bower
'Mid wishes of love and roses' sweet shower.

May it bring to your heart, in lands far away,
Pure faith in God's wisdom, to cheer you each day.
May it tell the devotion, e'er faithful and true,
Of dear ones at home, ever thinking of you.
E'er longing and yearning and praying each hour
For you, our beloved, our most precious flower.

THE ONE GRAND THEME.

May peace and all that's good and true
Shed love and light and joy for you;
May all thy days with hope be rife,
Thy faith increase through all thy life.

May Father's spirit fill thy heart,
All pain and suffering depart!
Oh, may He hear thy soul's appeal
And place upon thy life His seal.

May holy angels guard thy way
Through every night, through every day,
Direct thy feet through life's dark maze,
Inspire thy heart to sing His praise.

May all the hopes the heart can know,
Like gushing fountains freely flow
And culminate in one grand theme
That tells for aye of Life supreme!

A PETITION.

Oh, help me, gracious Lord, to trust Thee every hour,
To own Thy providence, to recognize Thy pow'r,
To know Thou art my friend, though dismal clouds arise,
That all my heartaches are but blessings in disguise.

Let hope and perfect faith e'er animate my soul,
That I may every murmuring thought control—
And oh! from the mirage of dismal, dark despond,
Pray lift my burdened thoughts to joyous heights beyond!

DAWN.

Fair, beauteous morn, rose-tinted dawn,
I watch thy coming o'er the hill,
With night's mysterious shadows gone,
Glad nature's pulses seem to thrill.

Now all the world is rose and gold,
Bewildering tints of light and shade,
The azure blue o'erglinted hue,
Such picture man hath never made.

God-given morn. Ah, thou wast born
To bring renewal of our hope;
To cheer the wounded soul forlorn,
Give strength with daily care to cope.

AUNT ZINA'S JEWELS.

Sisters, we have lost a Mother,
Honored president and friend;
She who bade us love each other,
And the cause of Truth defend.
She who ne'er was known to falter
In the days of sore distress,
Placing all upon the altar,
In the cause of righteousness.

Let us follow her example,
Place her jewels in each heart,
Charity and **Patience** ample,
Courage to perform our part;
Valor, Faith and **Trust** in Father,
Purity, the white-winged dove,
Hope, Humility, together
With the greatest jewel, **LOVE.**

MY PRAYER.

O great Eternal Father, my heart I ope to Thee,
For Thine all-searching eye to look within and see
The struggle it has made, through all these many years,

Its hopes, its many joys, its sorrows and its
tears.
Because as Savior, Friend, all cometh from Thy
hand,
Thou, the Eternal One, alone can understand:
Can guide my mortal life to happiness com-
plete
And make my trials prove that right has no
defeat.

THE UNSEEN POWER.

Give not to me the meed of praise
For aught I do of any worth;
'Tis Father leads through every maze,
He has a watch-care o'er the earth;
He lends His aid in all we do,
Inspires each thought,—if we but ask.
His love exhales as morning dew,
He lightens every toilsome task.

He soothes our pain, subdues our care;
He lifts the souls of men on high;
He even answers unvoiced pray'r;
He dries each tear; He checks each sigh.
How impotent without this pow'r
Would all our hopes and efforts prove!
Through every year, and day and hour,
We need His constant care and love!

MY CONGENIAL FRIENDS OF THE U. W. P. C.

"As steel sharpeneth steel so does the companionship of a friend brighten the intellect."

The spirit in congenial air
Ascends to greater heights,
The mind grows broad, and bright, and fair,
While thought takes lofty flights;
The soul expands, and conquers wrong,
Fond hearts more softly beat,
True friendship breathes an endless song
To make our joy complete.

MY SONG BIRD.

Oh, come to my window, my beautiful one,
As daylight is flitting and duties are done,
Come soothe me to rest in musical tones—
Come make me forget life's sorrows and moans.

Oh, why dost thou tarry, and linger so long,
While here I am yearning to hear thy sweet song?
Ah, life seems so weary, its music is flown,
Without you its sunshine and beauty are gone!

Dark clouds fall around me, so sombre and drear,
Even nature with me sheds sympathy's tear—
I feel so forsaken, so lonely and worn,
Life's cares crowd upon me, my heart is forlorn.

Ah, how it would rest my turbulent brain,
To hear thy sweet voice in gentle refrain;

With angelic cadences soothing and low
E'en the thought of it now makes joyful tears flow.

Oh, thou art my blessing, sweet bird from above,
The proof of the Father's unchanging love;
May the bond which unites us bring mutual bliss
Through this life, and the one which comes after this.

MY SOLDIER BOY.

Where, oh, where is my son? My dear, darling boy,
Oh, where does he wander this sad summer long?
The songsters of nature are warbling in joy,
And mother is crooning her sorrowful song.

The mountain peaks in their majesty rise,
The far-stretching vales are verdant and cool,
Not a cloudlet bedims these fair, western skies,
While peace in our hearts and our home is the rule.

But thou art afar, from thy own, native soil,
Far off in the Phillipine Isles,
And mother so helpless to lighten thy toil—
Yet love can encompass the wearisome miles.

And prayer can ascend through ether's vast wave,
To Father, who knows the heart's fondest desire,
To Him who restores, and can save from the grave,
To Him who can save from the enemy's fire

Oh, what hath thy nature, so gentle and kind,
To do with this turmoil, and warfare's dread pain,
Thy mission the wounded and stricken to bind—
'Tis not to take life—but restore it again.

Oh, bring him, kind Father, in safety once more
To the shelter of home and fond, loving arms,
In full vigor and health—our loved one restore,
Safe, safe from the tumults of war's dread alarms.

ERMINE TREES.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,
  Festooned with winter's fairy wreaths,
Enchanting vision of delight—
  Enclothed in robes of snowy white.

Such wondrous spell o'er you enwrought,
  White ferns and flowers from heaven brought,
Festooning vine and lilies fair,
  Chaste tokens of our Father's care.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,
  Indeed, we might with greatest ease
Believe ourselves in fairy land—
  To view thy transformations grand.

Thou, too, like mortals, frail, can claim
  A soul made white in Jesus' name,
Most perfect recompense you've won
  For usefulness, for duties done.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,
  Now shimmering in the winter's breeze,
Methinks I hear thee shout aloud,
  "We live! though wrapped in spotless shroud!"

THE BABY ROSE.

Thou white, white rose! fair as the snows!
What tender thought to me is brought
By fragrance which thy leaves disclose.

Thou dainty flower! when in her bower
Sad thoughts beguiled—on thee she smiled;
Sweet, sacred love, employed each hour.

O precious gem, with broken stem
And petals dry, you hush my sigh;
And every saddening thought condemn.

Reminding me there could not be
Upon this earth, so much of worth
As her sweet love, which comes with thee.

Thou infant! born without a thorn
To pierce the heart! but joys impart—
In her thy lovliness is shorn.

No fairer flower from Heaven's bower
E'er had its birth to gladden earth,
Her wealth of love a fragrant shower!

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Let us make each effort bravely,
  Never deeming it too late,
But with firm and staunch endeavor
  Seek the blessings that await.
Blessings which await the faithful,
  Those who labor day by day,
Those who bear the cross unflinching,
  Walking in God's chosen way.

Living every hour in patience,
With a firm, and steadfast will,
For in faith we have assurance,
God will every wish fulfill.
Give reward for firm endurance,
Earnest toil and suffering,
That will crown life's frail existence,
And eternal blessings bring.

WELCOME.

After many months of absence
After waiting many days,
With our hearts o'er full of gladness,
Once again on you we gaze.

How we've longed to feel your presence,
See the beaming of your eyes,
Coming as a ray of sunshine
From the azure of the skies.

Welcome home, dear one, thrice welcome
To our hearts and mountain home!
Through the long, sad months of absence
How we've prayed this hour to come.

Ah, most truly we have missed you
Through the busy hours of day,
And through all the night's drear stillness
How we'd weep, and watch, and pray,—

That our Father, in His mercy,
Would preserve our darling boy,

Keep his feet in paths of duty,
Keep his heart from sin's alloy.

Give him health and strength and wisdom,
Peace and comfort, hope and joy,
Faith in boundless strength of heaven,
That no power could destroy.

Now, dear one, receive our welcome
From each loving, faithful heart,
For this parting ask the favor
That we ne'er again may part.

ELNORA.

In the hazy mists of morning,
Ere the sky had found its blue,
I am gazing o'er the mountain
Thinking, sister, dear, of you.
Memory reviews in wonder,
All the changes time hath wrought,
All the joys, and lights, and shadows,
Life to both of us hath brought.

We have seen strange sights and faces,
Traversed many distant lands,
Viewed with awe great scenes and places,
Since we clasped each other's hands.
But our hearts are ever loving,
Faithful e'en to death we'll prove,
We inherit through our Savior
Power of eternal love.

Tender, gentle, fair Elnora,
Light and blessing of thy home,
What a wealth of sacred gladness
To thy daily life should come,
We all love you darling sister
And in tender gratitude
Praise and thank our Heavenly Father
For Elnora, kind and good!

Now as time's unending cycle,
Bring thy birthdays year by year,
May thy joys and hopes grow brighter,
Banishing all mortal fear.
May thy path be strewn with roses,
Flowers immortal ever bloom
Pouring in thy soul the incense,
Of their beauty and perfume.

IMPROMPTU PRAYER-SONG.

(Tune "Fair Juniata.")

O Father grant to me, I pray,
Thy choicest, rarest blessing,
That I may be, through every day,
In Wisdom's ways progressing;
That I may seek Thy light, divine
To guide through all life's mazes,
Let Truth with Thy blessed name entwine
In never-ending praises.

Kind Father, grant me now, I pray,
A vict'ry o'er each failing,

That in that bright, Eternal Day
I'll not be found bewailing,
Nor grieving o'er what might have been
Had I but been more noble,
And placed my thoughts on Heaven's joy
And not on worldly trouble.

Oh, help me by thy potent aid
Oh, hear my prayer, most fervent,
That in the end it may be said,
"Well done! thou, faithful servant!"
For well I know this mortal sphere
Is but a brief probation;
Oh, may I then be faithful here
And gain an exaltation.

GOLDEN STRANDS.

Once more in quiet, pensive thought
I sit beside the hearth,
To muse on changes time hath wrought
In those beloved of earth.
Ah! some have wandered far away
To dwell in other lands,
And some have gained the brighter day
Beyond the clasp of hands,
And yet, the golden strands of love
In strongest tendrils bind
Devoted hearts, through pow'r above
With chords that ne'er unwind.

THE BALM FOR WOE.

May joys which come from duties done
Be ever thine, my noble son.
May holy peace, and faith, divine,
Like flowers round thy heart entwine,
To make thee feel, whate'er betide,
There's One above who'll be thy guide,
Who knows the promptings of thy heart,
He will most perfect peace impart.
He hears the ravens when they cry,
Will comfort you when called to sigh,
Will bind the wounded heart with balm
And fill thy soul with heavenly calm.

STEP BY STEP.

To E.

Oh, where is my baby, so dimpled and fair,
With whom I thought none on this earth could compare,
Those sweet, smiling lips and those wonderful eyes,
Which seemed even then full of thoughts deep and wise.

Where, oh, where, is my child, the fair five-year-old,
With her round, rosy cheeks and ringlets of gold,
Her wise, winsome prattle, sweet, chirruping voice,—
Its music contagious, made all hearts rejoice.

Where, where is my darling, the sunbeam of eight,
Who oft, for my presence would patiently wait,

Who loved to be near me through all the day long,
"Close, close to my mother," the words of her song.

Ah seventeen years, with their changes, have flown,
My beautiful babe, now to womanhood grown,
With immortal gems all her being instilled,
Bright promise of childhood far more than fulfilled.

As the soft, folded buds expand to the view,
So all of her graces our beings imbue;
The joy of our home, to our hearts bringing cheer,
As wiser and fairer she grows every year.

FOR LOVE.

I twined a wreath while others slept,
An ivy wreath—I worked and wept.
It was not for the bonny bride,
This verdant wreath at Christmas-tide—
It was not for the sombre bier,
This ivy wreath and briny tear!
It was for love, devotion true—
Beloved ones I twined for you!

If thou art blessed this Yuletide morn
With life's ambitions well attained,
If holy light into thy soul is born
What greater blessing could be gained?

Hail, thou! All hail, thou bright and glad New Year,
Thou innocent from Time's unknown abyss—
Relentless bearer of life's pain and tear,
Thou avenue of life's supremest bliss.

SLANDER.

When fires of malice mortals fan,
A reputation soon is shorn.
"Man's inhumanity to man,
Indeed, makes countless thousands mourn."

For slander is so vile a thing,
It wounds like poisoned lance of steel,
'Tis sharper than the serpent's sting,
Its venum purest joys congeal.

Its fangs e'en pierce the sacred soil
Of friendship, love, and truth, and home,
Embitt'ring e'en rewards of toil,
And needed rest that might have come.

Oh, busy tongues! how can'st thou dare
To trifle with another's name?
In time thou, too, such pain may share,
In deep humility and shame.

The very ones to whom you bear
The idle tales you glibly tell,
Will soon be caught within your snare,
That gossip brain of yours to fill.

While they, in turn, will follow on,
When to the next, kind friend, will you
Then be the target of the tongue—
On busy street, or private pew.

PASTIMES ON THE PORTNEUF.

Afar from city's busy marts,
We hie away in jolting carts,
A joyful crowd of girls and boys,
All bent on camp and outing joys.
Along the grassy, tufted road,
The willing horses bear their load
Through winding valley, grove and dell,
Where warbling birds their voices swell.
The nymbus, floating high o'er us,
Amid the sero cumulous;
White, fleecy specks in bluest sky,
So beauteous, restful to the eye.
Through shimmering fields of ripened grain,
Through lucern patch and poppy lane,
What varying shades of crimson hue
Of gold and purple, green and blue!

The longed-for camping place at noon,
Came not to hungry boys too soon.
Where leaves were quivering o'erhead,
Upon the ground the cloth was spread.
And soon we heard a joyful shout,
Our queen of hearts had caught a trout!
The dainty bit that all must share,—
The trophy of that hand so fair.

At night around the fire of brush,
A peal of laughter breaks the hush
Among the girls—in great alarm,
Because of Joe's "luxated" arm,
In youthful sport they joke and tease,
To find it resting 'round Louise,

He thought to lover 'twould be allowed,
With pale moon hid behind a cloud.

We laugh and chat! recite and sing!
Oh! how the canyon echoes ring!
All cracking nuts and jokes as well,
Then all join in and stories tell.
Soon over all the happy scene
There falls sweet sleep and peace serene.
Rest! care-free spirits—pure and true!
In watchful love God cares for you.

ASPIRATIONS.

Oh, what can cause this wild unrest!
These yearning, great desires
Forever burning in the breast
Like hidden, unquenched fires!

There's some great aim that's ne'er attained,
Fond hopes but born to fade,
Some lofty object never gained,
With all the effort made.

Oh, why does every high ideal
Forever fail our quest?
So far exceed that which is real—
In life be ne'er expressed!

It surely is the living spark
Of life's immortal fire,
Which never yet was satisfied
Unless found mounting higher!

BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE.

No, the day was not forgotten
Nor my dear and old-time friend,
Though no word nor loving token—
Not one flower did I send.

'Twas remembered in the turmoil
Of a very busy day,
Though my only tribute, prayer,
Wafted heavenward away.

Our affection budding early
Hath become a clinging vine,
Nutured by life's cares and trials,
Bearing blossoms most divine.

For true friendship is immortal,
Unlike earthly flowers here,
It had birth at heaven's portal,
E'er it came man-kind to cheer.

Please accept, though late the sending,
This small tribute to thy worth;
With true love and honor blending,
Wishing best of heav'n and earth.

MY SISTER-SPIRIT.

Lizzie.

Oh, methinks in worlds afar, sweet sister-spirit, mine,
We knew and loved each other with tenderness divine;

That hand in hand together we roamed elysian
grove,
Heart beating close to heart, with pure, supernal
love.

No bitterness nor doubt e'er came to mar our joy,
For making others glad was bliss without alloy,
Rejoicing in each other's good, we envied not
success,
Unselfishness we found the greatest happiness.

As daughters of one Father, that great Eternal
One!
We waited there His pleasure, we lingered near
His Throne;
Until at length He sent us, angel spirits to this
earth,
To obtain a mortal body—to receive a mortal
birth.

How infinite His wisdom—How great His good-
ness, too,
That still we can together His wondrous works
persue;
That we, congenial spirits, can labor in His cause,
And gain eternal blessings, by living sacred laws.

And when life's work is finished and self we've
overcome,
With affection undiminished, may we meet again
at home.
May our crowns of endless glory with unceasing
lustre shine,
As reward for this probation—Oh, sweet sister-
spirit, mine.

STAY THY RAPID WING.

Fly not so fast, O flitting Time,
Stay, stay, for me thy rapid wing,
These summer hours are sublime,
With every moment pleasures bring.

Oh, let them linger for my sake!
To chase all gloomy thoughts away;
From this fair vision ne'er to wake,
That joy may on our heartstrings play.

That I may feel her presence near,
May see her dimpling, winsome smile,
Hear her sweet voice so full of cheer,
Her words that all our cares beguile.

Ah, why do joys so soon depart
To leave within this aching void
A blighting sorrow in the heart,
Where bliss each moment had employed!

Oh, would we never more need part,
Then life would be a joy supreme!
I'd fold her closer to my heart,
I'd know it was no fleeting dream.

Oh, why should parting come again
With aching hearts, and sighs, and tears,—
The saddening days of silent pain
The nights of prayers and anxious fears!

Perhaps to show mortality
The fleeting evanescent tide,

Of all things living on life's sea,
While down the stream of life we glide.

To lead the human, yearning soul,
To place all hopes on heavenly things,
Beyond the reefs, and rocks or shoal
Of earthly joys, that flee on wings.

Where loving spirits will commune
In bliss supreme, immortalized!
When all our senses will attune
In praise, for blessings truly prized!

FLOWERS OF LOVE.

Do you know my spirit lingers
Round you, darling, ev'ry hour
That I'm pleading with our Father
Flowers of love on you to shower!
By His constant, tender care,
In His mercy to reward you
For the trials you now bear!
Give you strength to shun temptation,
E'er to walk in wisdom's light,
Fill your life with noble action,
Bravely walk the paths of right;
Help endure, in patient meekness—
Even feel life's sorrows sweet,
Overcoming every weakness,
Through God's mercy most complete.
Filled with joys of duties ended,
Labors nobly, truly done,
Earth and heaven truly blended,
Righteous crown of victory won.

REMEMBERED,

Oh, the first, sweet message from home!
How it thrills my heart with delight,
As a beam from heavenward flown—
To illumine my soul with its light.

Yes, it breathes the sweetest of thought
Any language ever could tell;
This dear, welcome missive has brought
The news that my loved ones are well.

Another sweet consciousness, too,
Is expressed in silent, sweet tone,—
That I am remembered by you
Away in our dear, Mountain Home.

And when you in reverent mood,
Approaching kind Heaven above,
Seek blessings for absent or good—
Then I am remembered in love.

Like ether distilling its dew—
Like stars to the darkness of night
As flowers sweet fragrance and hue,
This message dispeleth the night.

THE EMPTY NEST.

Poor, little mama-bird, where is your baby-bird?
Where has it gone this chill, dreary night?
"Dead! little baby-bird," mournful the strains I heard,
As the sad mother-bird took her lone flight.

Wings the frail leaflets stir—Who'll be her comforter?
Who'll help her find the sunlight of rest?
He, who gave life and light knows she's bereaved tonight;
He, who will succour the sore and oppressed.

TO A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

When your heart is sad and lonely
Turn to Father up above;
He remembers you in mercy—
Watches you in tender love.
When stern cares and sore temptations
Crowd on you from every side,
Then in prayerful contemplation
Let your faith in Him abide.

When you stand in holy places
Pleading for the souls of men,
May divine, exalted graces
Coming through you beam on them
To uplift their minds from error—
To dispel tradition's haze—
Out of darkness, into sunshine
Lead, thou, them to better ways.

And remember, while you wander,
Friends are praying here at home
That in health and life and honor
You will soon to us return,
Bearing sheaves into the garner—
Recompense for earnest toil,

Seeds producing Life Eternal,
Fertilized on holy soil!

Now for every care and sorrow,
E'en for every ill o'er-come,
Light will come today, tomorrow,
God will pour the soothing balm.
Great reward will surely follow—
Your own soul rejoice again,
For the everlasting glory
You've made possible for Men!

A RIDE AT DAWN.

Wond'rous handiwork of God!
  Seen in sky, and stream, and sod;
Azure dome with light increased,
  When the Day King in the east,
Peeping through at break of morn,
  Speaks in glowing accents warm
Of the mighty powers that form
  The glories of the firmament.

* * *

Sweet-toned songsters of the air,
  Wings in tint beyond compare;
Let your throats grand anthems raise,
  To your Maker singing praise
For his glorious works and ways;
  Beauteous scenes that meet our gaze!

* * *

Through the verdant valleys wide,
  Flowers bloom on every side:
Brilliant honeysuckles wild,—
How we loved them when a child!—

Primrose sweet of golden hue,
Letting rays of sunlight through;
On the babbling brooklet's face,
Lillies bloom in spotless grace;
In the grassy meadow-land
Yellow buttercups expand.
Overhanging branch and vine,
Sweet, wild rose and columbine,
All reflect their beauties rare,
In this streamlet bright and fair.
Now there peeps from wealth of green,
Blossoms worthy of a queen,
For the bridal or the tomb,
Sweetest flowers ever bloom.
Fairest tokens ever given,
Symbols of God's love—of heaven!

LINES.

The darkest days, yet have some light
To guide us through the darkest night;
The coldest heart has some warm spot,
Round which love's magic spell is wrought.

Harsh words are like the blighting frost
Which chase from life its truest beauty;
Through them our dearest hopes are lost,
They make still harder, life's stern duty.

COLUMBIA RIVER.

Columbia! with thy waters deep and blue,
Thou namesake of the faithful, brave and true.
Where white-caps rise and foam, and waves expand

Near moss-grown cliffs and shifting mounds of sand.
As on we speed beside the outstretched pier,
The fishermen's trim cottages appear.
Large, rugged, fallen trees with surf o'er run
Are caught on sand-bars glist'ning in the sun.
And all along thine old, historic shore
Are themes for poets, pens—a wealth in store.
Thou wondrous stream! Where glinting sunbeams gleam,
Thou givest us a grand, unending theme—
E'er flowing on and on, into the sea,
Like human life into Eternity.

ALIENATION.

The fires which burned so brightly long ago,
Oh, have they smouldered but to ashes grey,
Hath all the warmth in vapor passed away?
Why have the glistening coals now ceased to glow?

Ah, is there aught that can reanimate
The lifeless embers of a long dead love,
Can mortals by a flint-like power move
To brillant life?—Oh, how long must we wait?

Can human lips essay to fan the fire,
To all its primal warmth, and light and glow?
Ah no; 'tis quenched for aye by tears that flow,
It can no more awake to fond desire.

This flame can never more in life illume
The atmosphere of home and yearning hearts,
'Tis only power divine can ease these smarts,
'Tis only living fire can pierce such gloom.

AN APPEAL.

Kind Father, cheer our souls tonight,
Lift our burdens, make them light;
Let thine all-pervading love
Shine upon us from above.

Calm, Thou, the surges of the soul,
Bid the dark waves backward roll,
Let us all thy mercies feel
Through the power thou dost reveal.

Bless our loved ones far away,
Grant them health and peace we pray,
In their hearts let holy light
Beam to guide their steps aright.

Let implicit faith and trust
Make our trials here seem just.
May Thine ever tender love
Lead our hearts to Thee above.

IT LIVES.

Are the meetings of an hour,
'Tween kindred spirits, true,
To fleet like summer shower?—
Is this the soul's just due?

Our love and true affection,
Had birth in holy spheres,
Eternal as creation—
Survives the flight of years.

'Twill rise with waking spirits,
A gleam of holiness,
Sweet, tender note of Heaven—
Angelic fond caress.

Yes, yes my heart's soft whisper,
Breaths in prophetic tone,
That in the mystic future,
We'll meet, when years have flown.

UNFETTERED.

In tender retrospect of days now past,
We find some joys were too divine to last,
True love was ours, how could we ask for more!
Alas, we woke too soon—the dream was o'er.

Yet we must not forget to look unto our God,
Who loves us though we feel the chast'ning rod.
Although we are bereft, He knows the best;
We feel 'tis just, yet tremble with the test.

Our chastened senses reel, our inmost spirits moan,
But Father's greater wisdom we must own.
He will in time His purposes unfold,
Resplendent, living pictures, set in gold.

We know some spirits sent to earth from higher
sphere,
Came but to pass a brief probation here;
Their spirits were for mortal life too pure,
It's blighting cares and crosses to endure.

And we will wake some morn to find the earth
Enwrapt in consecrated light!—New birth
To all therein. Unfettered souls expand
Celestialized,—will all things understand.

From out earth's thraldom, mortals then set free,
Unite in sacred songs of ecstacy—
Mankind proclaim the great Omnipotent,
Throughout the world's awak'ning tenement!

AUGUSTA.

A little bird flew to my nest,
And softly hovered close—so near
I clapsed her fondly to my breast,
And found each day she grew more dear.

She was a wounded, gentle dove,
This precious, fair immortal thing,
Without a home or parent love,
Nor shelter of a kindred wing.

And yet her spirit, brave and strong,
To pure and noble deeds aspired;
She could not brook dependence long,—
A useful life she most desired.

Now every day on wings of love,
She proves her noble, valiant soul,
This frail, yet grandly soaring dove,
Our tender, warmest thoughts control.

She'd turn away life's darkest frown,
For us she'd choicest comforts win,
She'd line our nest with eider-down,
And golden eggs would place therein.'

A frail and lonely, homeless dove,
And yet with power to touch the spring
That can unlock the vaults of love,
Now nestles 'neath my sheltering wing.

TO L. T. F.

I know your natal day is near,
Because the violets, sweet, are here,
Because the birdlings chirp and sing,
Because, my dear, 'tis bonny spring.

Now twig, and bud, and opening flower,
Express our Father's love and power,
Ecstatic, sweet, responsive thrill
With love for you my soul to fill.

Yes, once again at Eastertide,
I send sweet flowers—my love beside—
Entwining wishes for your peace
And happiness to e'er increase.

FLICKERING HOPE.

When hope is crushed, and faith grows dim,
And life's strong purpose fails;
Before the breakers rising high,
The bravest impulse quails.
We stand aghast before life's ills,
Its disappointments keen,
So oft repeated, wound the soul
And darken brightest dream.

The ones most fondly loved will die,
The sweetest flowers fade,
And buried low our fondest hopes,
In graves that time hath made.
These human hearts so frail and weak
Are often tempest-tossed;
They e'en forget the vows they speak—
Sweet confidence is lost.

Ah, then, alas, we cannot find
A power upon the earth,
That can these broken fragments bind,
Nor give our love new birth.
In vain we seek to call it back,
To fan the feeble flame;
'Twill burn no more, alas, alack!
It cannot live again.

But through life's changing, trying scenes,
And frailties of men,
We see beyond, faint, flickering gleams
Which bid us hope again.

There is but one unfailing source
Of solace for the soul,
Though time may fortune's wheel reverse,
God's hand our lives control.

He watches with unfailing love
His stricken children here,
He'll lead them to His throne above,
And dry each falling tear.
And then we'll know just why it is
We must so much endure—
The need of mortal sacrifice
To make salvation sure.

REMORSE.

This eve, with half reluctant feet,
I left my fireside for the street
To visit one who needed aid;—
Relief from suffering they said.

She half reclined on couch of ease,
With all about to cheer and please
The most refined and cultured mind;
But yet in sorrow health declined.

Her cheeks were moist with recent tear,
Because within lurked doubt and fear;
She had for luxury and wealth
Exchanged her faith, and peace, and health.

She clapsed my hand, her fair face grieved,
Exclaimed: "I've found I was deceived."

So young: my fancy was allured
By pleasant, worldly wealth assured."

"I deemed the one who came to woo,
A gentleman, refined and true;
So wealthy, so polite was he,
Unlike poor John so true to me.

"I jilted John, the farmer's son,
Although he had my promise won
To be his bride in sunny spring—
And yet I gave him back his ring."

"I heeded not his grief, but gave
Myself to be a wretched slave
To pomp and show and worldly guile,
While heart was breaking, lips must smile."

"I thought my husband pure and good.
How little then I understood
His low and vicious worldly ways!
Too late! I wake, my mind a-craze!"

"Alas! I find myself deceived!
My health is wrecked! my spirits grieved!
He whom I thought with honor fraught,
Hath all this dreadful anguish brought!"

"The pain of body I endure,
Your skill, I'm sure, can soothe and cure—
But deeper pangs are in my heart;
Your science cannot ease this smart."

"All other things I might have borne
In patience; now refrained to mourn,
If he to me had just been true!
Yet,—yet, perhaps, this is my due!"—

"For in my heart there was a time
When pity came not, though sublime
The bearing of that noble one,
Whose virtues now I humbly own."

"Oh, could I but have had a place
In such a heart!—his home to grace—
Though but a cabin in the field—
My maladies would all be healed!"

"For such a soul, by menial toil,
My frail, white hands I'd gladly soil,
E'en dire privation I'd endure
For one I knew was true and pure!

"With such companion by my side,
His master mind my strength and guide,
Were I to such a husband, wife,
I'd give!—I'd give my very life!"

"But ah! it is too late! I see
A care-free girl no more I'll be;
In keen remorse and chafing bond
Must live until I'm called beyond."

Our heartstrings are swept by invisible hands,
By powers unseen, most subtle and strange,
The vibrating chords obey their commands
Our immortal vision broadens its range.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

Sweetest words, in softest accent,
Whispered in my list'ning ear:
"Mourn not for the loved though absent,
Dry that secret, burning tear,
God, thy Father, knows and loves you,
Lift the soul and do not fear!
He will guard with watchful eye
Him you love though far away;
Though where shot and shell now fly—
He the missiles flight can stay.
He who shields your boy from danger,
Hears all mothers when they pray,
He with over-ruling power
Guards His children ev'ry hour."

FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers you gave me are withered, dear son,
Their petals are faded and dry;
But memories sweet, forever live on,
The love in our hearts ne'er will die.

ECHOES.

'Mid the vernal vales of Echo,
Hemmed on every side with hills,
Towering cliffs, like old cathedrals,
Sending back re-echoing trills—
Vibrant notes, through mountain crevice,
Towers formed by unseen Hand,

Pulpit Rock, where weary wand'rers,
Saw their valiant prophet stand—
Yet His voice, though long since silent,
Echoes still, through Utah's vales,
Echoes in the hearts of nations,
With the truth, that never fails.

Now the "iron horse" in fury
Plods its pondrous course along,
O'er these plains, so fraught with story,
Thundering echoes now prolong.
Witches' Court—strange freak of nature—
In fantastic shadows lie,
And the lone tower in the distance,
Rears its turrets to the sky;
Where Pilaris, old and stately,
May perchance his sentry keep,
Guarding well these sacred valleys,
Traversed first by pilgrims' feet.

From the flitting bird on eerie,
From the murmuring streamlet's flow,
From the tink'ling herds in valley
Echoing murmurs come and go,
Telling of the grand achievements
Of these noble pioneers,
Of privation, toil and hardship
Bravely borne for many years.
Now the harvest of their labors
Seen in plenty all around,
Homes of comfort, holy temples,
Their reward they've earned and found.

MAY JOY BE THINE.

May flowers upon thy pathway bloom
More fair than those of sunny June:
May every breeze waft melody
Of pure delight and ecstacy!
May gems of virtue, love and hope
Bring power with every ill to cope:
May mortal strength to you be given
With faith, to strive for hope of heaven:
The power to see His face beyond life's cloud,
To hear His loving voice, in tones aloud
Proclaim for us celestial, joyful birth
Along with that of dear, old mother earth.

A GOOD, KIND HEART.

How varied are the attributes of man!
  How bountiful the blessings we possess!
But search within the soul as best we can,
  A good, kind heart is better than all else!

A face may fascinate our ardent gaze,
  And oratory bind the inmost soul;
But view life's picture in its changing phase,
  A good, kind heart, our warmest thoughts
    control!

We bow in rev'rence to a cultured mind,
  We yearn for beauty, art and wond'rous lore.
We emulate the modest and refined,
  But still, we feel a good, kind heart is more!

The friends we meet and honor day by day,
Are blessed with many noble, shining traits;
To each and all we would a tribute pay—
But for the good, kind heart, the palm awaits!

VALEO VALE.

Valeo's Vales of verdant hue,
With sparkling streams and sky of blue,
With craggy steep and mountain peak,
The wond'rous power of God bespeak.

From lofty cliffs so far away,
The waters dash in snowy spray;
Sweet, mountain flowers blooming there,
Wild roses, blue-bells, lillies fair.

The Castle Mountains tower high
Amid the clouds in azure sky;
Here stony ridge and deep ravine
In nature's solitude are seen.

But far beneath the barren soil
Are mines of wealth, and wells of oil,
While all around, below, above,
We see the tokens of God's love!

THE MESSAGE.

From out the infinite realms of light
A white-robed messenger takes its flight,
Bearing a jewel of untold worth
To gladden the souls of men on earth.

With softening ray it parteth the gloom
Which threatens the world with dreadful doom;
To fettered souls bringing sweet release,
And ushering in a reign of peace.

It kindles the soul with noble desire,
It warms the heart with immortal fire,
O'er-spreading the world as a white-winged
dove,
This sacred message of light and love.

THANKSGIVING.

As light o'er the snowy-capped mountain
Brings promise of glorious day,
Our hearts over-flow as a fountain,
To thee, Lord, our tributes we pay.
We praise Thee! Give fervent thanksgiving
For all of Thy mercies so rare,
For even the priv'lege of living:
Thy foot-stool is wondrously fair!

We thank Thee for life and its duties,
The rapture of being on earth,
This world, and its marvelous beauties,
Sweet flowers, bright sunshine, and mirth.
We thank Thee, O Father, for music
Expressing the language of hearts.
For poetry, painting and sculpture,
And all the inventions and arts.

We thank Thee for homes, food and raiment,
For kindred, for friendship, and love—
Though we are but poor, humble claimants,
We praise Thee our Father above!
We thank Thee for pain, and for trials,
And waging of elements, drear;
With even life's stern self-denials,
And melting of hearts with a tear.

We thank Thee for all of life's seasons,
For springtime, for winter and rain;
We know that in time all thy reasons
To wondering souls will be plain.
We thank Thee for hope Thou hast given
Of life both immortal and free,
That beautiful respite in heaven,
When we shall return unto Thee.

TRUE BEAUTY.

I know a maid of sweet sixteen
With dignity befit a Queen:
With stately form and charming grace,
With arching brow, and classic face;
Her hair, a dainty, golden maze,
Allures the sun's caressing rays;
Within her eyes, deep azure blue,
The sky is rivaled in it's hue:
The damask blush of rounded cheek
The beauties of the rose bespeak;
Her coral lips in tint and mould
More perfect than could e'er be told;
Her alabaster neck and arms
Are like the snowdrift's fairest charms:

Yet, beauties of her mind and heart
  Surpass the sculptor's work of art;
She lives for others' happiness,
  Their hearts to cheer, to soothe and bless;
By noble deed, true joy secures,
  Soul beauty lives—for aye endures.

CONVINCING LIGHT.

She is the youngest one of four—
Would Heaven had sent me many more
As fair, and good, and pure as she,
Ah, Heaven has left me only thee!

Now this dear child, the youngest born,
Cheers all my days from night till morn,
And from the morning 'till the night
She gives her mother's heart delight.

A frail and tender flower she grows,
But every day her spirit shows
Angelic touch of the divine—
This darling, little daughter mine.

Her classic brow, her soul-lit eye,
Her damask cheek with dimples shy,
That seem to play at "Hide and seek"
And of the angel's kisses speak.

Her beautiful, angelic face,
Her movements, too, such perfect grace,
With undulating motions rare,
Her gentle mein without compare.

But more than all these charms, I prize
The soul that shines from out her eyes—
The light that e'er convinces me
Of final immortality.

THE BEST OF ALL,

O mothers, remember when children are young,
While you list to prattle of innocent tongue,
As you answer what seems the unending call,—
That now is the happiest season of all.

Oh, hear the dear voices so tender and sweet,
Oh, heed the soft patter of tottering feet;
Soothe gently the bruises that come from a fall—
Remember these days are the dearest of all.

When you hush them to sleep with lullaby song,
These moments of bliss, O sweet mother, prolong!
For time with it's changes may come as a pall,
When they've slipped from our arms beyond recall.

Then hold them secure in your loving embrace,
In the folds of your love to ever have place,
Through sorrow, e'en sin or whatever befall,
Encompassed by mother-love, constant through all.

For indeed there may come, as moments flit on,
A time when the bliss of these days will be gone,
Sweet memory only, all you can recall
Of hours that e'er will be sweetest of all.

Then breathe a soft prayer as you lull them to
sleep,
That Father His watch care forever may keep;
He hears our petitions, He heeds every call,
His love the sublimest, divinest of all!

HELP ME.

Kind Father, now my voice I raise
In reverence to sing thy praise;
Oh, grant me wisdom now I pray,
To walk in duty's path each day.

Oh, may I humbly do Thy will,
And all Thy purposes fulfill.
Unfailing power e'er possess
O'er-burdened souls to cheer and bless.

And help me teach by word and deed,
My children here—their spirits feed;
That I may be their earthly guide,
Through faith and works to reach thy side.

Oh, help me radiate Thy light
To human souls, to guide aright.
Through life seek truth and righteousness,
And all my fellow creatures bless.

THE BALM.

If ever thou art sick, or sad, or sore oppressed,
Or troubled with unfathomed, turbulent unrest,
Turn thou unto the Lord! O sorrowing one,
And find a soothing, healing balm, as I have done.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

O sacred shrine! where love-light gleams,
The sunbeams flow in golden streams
From Heaven's courts above.

The source from whence all blessings flow,
To soothe all sorrows here below—
Our Father's gracious love.

With every day's returning morn,
And evening's low descending sun,
Let souls with rapture warm.

World-wearied ones seek bliss supreme,
Ah! deem it not a fleeting dream,
'Tis tangible and real!

The holy light which Father gives,
To every mortal soul that lives—
His love He'll not conceal!

HIS CHOICE.

The flowers he chose for my hat!
Aye, what do you think of that
For a poet's theme?
Portraying the happy past,
And a faithful love that will last,—
Not a flitting dream.

Devotion, so perfect and true,
Emotion, known to but few,
Fond love of a son

As tender and true as a maid's!
Like blue in the sky that ne'er fades,
What bliss I have known!

Flowers, faded and crumpled and worn,
With soft, silken petals all torn,
Such theme for a song!
Yet roses just fresh from the stem,
Not even the costliest gem,
Could such bliss prolong.

Herein, indeed, I can see
A face so beloved to me;
With love's tender lines
Enchancing its beauty and grace.
Ah, time can never efface
The thought that entwines!

BLOW GENTLY, WINTER WINDS.

Blow gently, softly, winter winds,
My birds have left their nest,
And flown to colder, drearier climes,
Far, far from mother, home and rest.

Oh, could my yearning love surmount
The great expanse of time and space,
No cruel pang of cold or want
Would leave on them its blighting trace.

Could love, and hope, and fervent prayer,
Direct their fluttering wings,
They'd ne'er be tangled in life's snare,
They ne'er would feel life's piercing stings.

O blessed faith! O wisdom great!
Of Him who knows the sparrows fall,
Thou wilt direct my birdlings' fate,
Wilt hear their voices when they call.

Blow gently, softly, breezes, blow
Upon my flitting birds tonight,
That they no bitter pangs may know;—
Oh, haste! and guard their homeward flight.

Ah, blessed gift, my Lord! this precious boon I prize,
As infinite reward for earthly sacrifice:
Descerning sense to see, and feel Thy holy power,
The priv'lege mortals have to know Thee, every hour;
And oh! for tender love, I thank Thee all my life,
That I have known the joys of a mother and a wife,
That in my early days kind parents blessed my youth,
Taught me in pleasant ways the principles of truth.

FOR THOSE WE LOVE.

'Tis sweetest joy to work for those we love,
To know our effort makes their worries less;
Thus our unselfish sacrifices prove
So much of faithful, loving tenderness.

For those we love, we find no task too great,
For task it truly ceases then to be,
When little needs we can anticipate,
And leave beloved ones from sorrow free.

We work for those we love, for them we live,
Since they to us are Heaven's choicest gift;
And unto self no passing thought we give,
To higher motives, aspirations lift.

For those we love, we breathe a fervent prayer,
For God to keep them safe from every ill;
We tenderly consign them to His care,
To walk His ways, to do His holy will.

For those we love, alas, the dying year
Has brought so much of pain and weary care,
We want to soothe to-day the sad'ning tear,
We fain would make their skies all bright and fair.

And who are they that take this noble part,
That wake affection's best and holiest thought?
Go thou and ask each loving mother-heart,
For there, this sweet, sublime and tender love is wrought.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

"I will be good through peace or strife,
I will be faithful all my life."
So said the youthful, virgin queen
When crowned with diamond's sparkling sheen.

She felt it in that early hour,
That to be good, meant greater power.—
Thus Queen Victoria's life was spent
In noble deeds, and fair intent.

All through her wonderful career
True judgment guided, bright and clear;
In human love, and human right,
She found a sweet and pure delight.

As wife, and mother, friend and queen,
She stands a model seldom seen.
Humanity and love of God—
More potent than the monarch's rod!

QUEEN OF ROSES.

Through all the night in visions bright,
I've wandered near my darling's side;
Her angel voice made me rejoice,
Her gentle spirit mine will guide.
When first she smiled an infant child,
My bosom thrilled with pure delight;
All cares and sorrows seemed beguiled—
The darksome clouds had taken flight.

Rare blessing mine, God's gift divine,
So beautiful in heart and mind,
There's none can tell how much, how well
We love thy ways so pure refined.
Ah, fain would we check every sigh
That ever chills thy loving heart;
We'd cheer thy days in pleasant ways,
And every precious gift impart.

We'd let thine ear sweet accents hear,
Of harmony in music's tones;

E'er have thine eyes, view bluest skies,
And keep thy feet from life's rough stones.
We'd fill thy bowers with sweetest flowers:
While friends intelligent and true,
With love and smile thine hours beguile
Could help thee wisdom's path pursue.

And best of all, on Heaven we'd call,
To fill thy soul with holy light,
In faith and truth, to guide thy youth,
And lead thy feet in paths of right.
To help thee e'er in love and fear,
To mount the heights of Heaven's stair,
In sacred pride to reach His side,
There glories of the faithful share.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Bright pearly drops of glistening dew
Descending from the sky so blue,
So many things I want to know.
Please, tell me why you come below,
And all about that pretty place
Where angels dwell, in love and grace;
And why God gave to children birth,
And sent them to this lovely earth?
Oh diamond drops of glistening dew,
Now tell me what I ought to do:
You're just from Heaven and should know
The paths of wisdom here below,
Life's solemn lessons I should learn
Before to God I can return.

THE OAK AND THE VIOLET.

Nestling in its shady, cool and mossy bed,
Unto the great oak-tree, the violet said:
"You've sheltered me so long, giving shade and dew,
And through your waving branches let the sunlight through,
Oh, would that I could do some little good for you."

"You precious, little flower!" the old tree then replied,
"Could you but only know how you've soothed me when I sighed,
Your sweet, delicious fragrance, dear, now wafted by the breeze,
Hath taught me faith in God, brought my weary spirit ease,
And made me know His love is e'en among the trees."

SNAKE RIVER.

Thou devious and ever winding stream!
Thy rock-bound banks a peaceful place to dream,
At times so calm, again in torrent wild,
Capricious, unrestrained—thou nature-child!

The sunbeams gleam upon thy crystal face
Reflecting back the tinted cloudlets' grace.
In recreant, undulating power
Thou floweth on and on through every hour.

Forever on, like time's unceasing flow,
Through canyon gorge to fertile vale below,
Dispensing elements of joy and health—
God's gift to man, a flowing mine of wealth.

THE SNOW STORM.

I woke this morn in rapturous amaze,
And wondered at the scene that met my gaze!
A beauteous, fairy vision of delight—
The world was clothed in robes of spotless white!
So pure, celestialized it seemed to be,
And emblematic of divinity!

WHY!

Oft we ask with earnest feeling
Why the best of earth must die,
Can no law to us revealing
Give our hearts the reason why?

As we roam through nature's bowers,
Each one culls with eager hand
All the sweetest, fairest flowers,
Leaving those less rare to stand.

When from all our hearts' fair flowers
One must answer to the Call,
This same law with crushing powers
Seems to take the choice of all!

DREAMING AND WAKING.

Little maiden, why that pouting?
Why those teardrops? Why that sigh?
Why that struggling? Why that doubting?
Why the flashing of thine eye?
Why sad thoughts and idle dreaming
To beset thy youthful heart?
How, amidst a world so cheering,
Cans't thou live from joy apart?

Now, sweet maiden, if thou 'rt listening,
I will give to thee a key
That will ope the gates all glistening
Of a bright futurity:
Seek thou first, through Heaven's blessing,
Light and wisdom to control
Every impulse of thy being—
All the yearnings of thy soul.

In each word, and act and feeling,
Seek for guidance from above,
For There's One, His light revealing,
Doth bestow on us His love.
Let e'en thought, as well as action,
Be for good and usefulness;
Of thy self utmost exaction
Will insure most happiness.

Cavil not at others failings—
Close thine eyes to others faults,
For you know not half the wailings
Hidden in life's inner vaults.

Mortals see but pride and vaunting,
Wrongfully our motives read,
Only God can know the wanting
Of the human soul in need.

Be not prone to idle dreaming,
Building castles in the air,
Though the walls with stars are gleaming,
We can never climb the stair,
For the error in thy building
No bright painting can atone,
'Tis a structure bright with gilding
But without foundation stone.

If you heed not kindly warning,
You will taste the bitter woe
Of awakening some bright morning,
With your "castle" fallen low.
Seek thou, then, the boon of working—
Labor brings us more than gold—
In thy duties, never shirking,
You will find a joy untold.

Seek with kind and gentle bearing
Words of comfort to bestow;
Others' griefs and sorrows sharing,
Other's joys to make and know.
Be thou faithful, just, unswerving
In the paths of truth and right;
God our Father ever serving
With a strong, determined might.

Then you'll feel a joy abounding,
That no mortal pen can tell;

All through life the words resounding:
Heaven, trusting, all is well!
Gentle maiden, thoughtful standing,
With the great Unknown before—
With thy view of life expanding—
Flooding thought and being o'er,
Take these words of loving greeting,
And the blessings intertwined,
They are lasting, never fleeting—
Keep them e'er in heart and mind.

THE NEW MOON.

Whene'er I gaze on thee at twilight hour,
I feel a magic thrill, an unseen power—
A shroud of darkness from my wond'ring soul
Seems with thy new arising to unroll.
Indeed, thou dost to me, and to all men
Proclaim the truth, that we will live again!

NEVER BE LATE!

Since time does not wait, and neither does tide,
Then never be late whatever betide!

The watchword of life your joys to enhance:
Be awake and alert—a step in advance!

Remember the fact: time, tide, and the train
Will not wait for you, though tears fall like rain!

And, sad to relate, the fault is our own,
A minute too late, the chances are flown!

And so, too, we find that Fortune's swift course
Hath left us behind filled with grief and remorse!

For we were asleep—unmindful, indeed,
Of treasures to reap from early sown seed!

The watchword for all, whatever his fate,
"Be prompt to each call! and never be late!"

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the flowers dying,
One by one they fade away,
Now the withered leaves are lying
On the ground so cold and grey;
One by one the moments fleeting,
One by one the days go by,
One by one life's work completing,
In their graves our darlings lie.

One by one our dear ones going
On to Heaven's mystic shore,
While our barks we're surely rowing
Nearer those now gone before.
One by one life's ties are riven—
But a brighter hope hath birth,
Soon we find there's more in heaven
To allure, than on this earth.

Slowly, slowly fades the daylight
While the evening mists appear,
Coming through the purple twilight
Twinkling promises of cheer.

All things lovely, all things mortal,
All around, below, above,
Perish in life's stormy battle,
Naught endures but His great love.

Softly, gently, whisp'ring to me,
Comes a voice so dear and sweet:
"Rouse thee, sister, do not murmur,
Live, for we again will meet."
One by one, my fears departing,
Sighs are stilled and teardrops dried,
All my being seems transported
Since my sister Anna died.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

1904.

As echoes by a Master woke,
Reverberate in sweetest time,
May Father ope with one great stroke
The spring of human love sublime;
That we may love as He did, when
He gave His best beloved for men.
Oh, may the gifts the Christ-child brought
Of sacrifice for others weal,
Enrich our souls with tender thought,
Life's holiest purposes reveal.
And if the thought another mortal, too,
Doth love you true, doth ever pray for you,—
Can make you gladder still, can ease your load,
Can help you walk more bravely life's rough road,
Then mine is thine, and ours is Christ's divine.

IN PRAISE.

O Father, kind, I thank thee for light of sun,
For all things beautiful upon this earth,
For everything which thou for me ha'st done
Since through thy mercy I was given birth.
Ah, how can I my gratitude and love e'er show
For all Thy bouteous blessings here below!

The sustenance of body, mind and heart—
The bounties of the earth, the sky and sea,
This wondrous world, and all it doth impart,
Its light and shadow all, all come from Thee!
Oh, may I learn to clearly understand,
That e'en life's storms are mercies at Thy hand.

For music's voice to ope the ice-bound caves
Of fettered thought! of hardened hearts!
To sanctify each soul, while spirit laves
Its wounded hopes, to ease its pain and smarts!
Sweet, soothing notes set burdened spirits free,—
Teach murmuring souls a true humility.

For wealth of Learning's lore I find in books,
For minds to ope mine own unfolding thought,
For worthy acts, and gentle tones and looks,
Which Thou, as lessons to my life, hast brought.
Ah! gratitude, supreme, indeed, should blend
With every breath! to Thee unfailing Friend!

For loving ones, and comforts, too, of home,
For kindred, dear, who bring me joys so sweet,
For friends I meet wherever I may roam,
Who make my faith more perfect and complete—

Give pure incentive to each effort here,
Enhancing joy, and sweetning sorrow's tear.

Ah, then for love I thank Thee more than all!
It beams throughout the world's dark wilderness;
Thy love that answers e'en the weakest call,
Thy mercy breathing sweetest tenderness,
That brings the tired pilgrim rest and peace—
From bondage gives the spirit sweet release!

Thou lightest darksome days with living fire!
Illuming each narrow, winding path,
Removing doubt, awakening pure desire,
Implanting in our hearts eternal faith.
Again, dear Lord, unbounded gratitude
Accept for all so true, divinely good!

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

1909.

Go, twine the wreath, sing carols sweet,
For Christmas comes on pinions fleet.
Let nimble fingers deftly fly,—
Ring out the bells! Yuletide is nigh!

Let music's waves to all on earth,
Proclaim our royal Savior's birth!
Whose sacred mission brought us peace,
Imprisoned spirits, sweet release!

Then ring again!—ring loud and clear!
Let every land and nation hear.
Let all that's beautiful and sweet,
Make home's bright pleasure more complete!

Let peace and joy, good will and love,
Descend as incense from above.
Let every pain forgotten be,
And burdened spirits be set free!

Let hearts respond in tenderness,
The poor and weary ones to bless,
The sad and lonely ones to cheer,
So emulate our Savior, dear!—

That Holy One whose mortal birth,
Brought peace, good will to all on earth!
And as He lived, oh, let us live,
To love each other and forgive!

Let us forget the pangs we've known,
And cease our life's dark hours to moan;
But brave and strong, with courage meet
Life's bitter tests with patience sweet!

And prize His gifts of truth divine,
Above the wealth of richest mine,
With faith and fortitude endure,
And so make life's salvation sure!

Now, may these choicest blessings flow
To you, dear one, God's love to know;
Thus find the heaven you have sought,
In blessings you've to others brought!

THE RETURN.

Now the roses sweet are blooming,
For the joyous June is here;
Precious message they are coming
Back to home and friends, so dear.

Now our hearts are full of gladness,
Joy no mortal pen can tell,
Ended, anxious days of sadness,
Broken is the lonely spell.

Dearly loved ones, true and faithful,
After years of noble toil,
Soon will turn their foot-steps homeward,
Soon will tread their native soil.

Oh, how joyously we hasten
To prepare the humble home;
Everything must be in order
For the dear ones when they come.

Even nature should be smiling.
How could anything be sad?
Flowers blooming, birds all singing,
Keeping time with hearts so glad.

Gracious Father, thou has blessed them
With Thy love, which never fails,
Leading them through winding pathways
Of the Southern woodland trails.

THE SOUL'S RESPITE.

Father, by Thy heavenly graces
Free my soul from common-places;
In realms of restful poesy,
Oh, let me revel fancy free.

'Mid fragrant flowers, in sunny climes,
There listen to entrancing chimes

That breathe unending melody
Of holy praise, and love for Thee.

'Tis thus, O Lord, my soul can find
Companionship of soothing kind;
Transporting thought to higher sphere
Beyond the realm of pain or fear.

UNKNOWN.

Full oft the fairest flowers that ever bloomed
Are never seen by mortal eye;
Most tender thoughts, deep in the heart entombed—
Find only voice in smothered sigh!
How many noble lives are never known
Save but to One, who all their virtues own!

LOVE.

Most perfect thing upon the earth,
The sweetest tones that e'er had birth,
The purest sentiments ere spoke,
The tenderest thought that e're awoke
Divinest vision, thought or dream,
The rarest ray, most glorious gleam
E'er sent to mortals from above,
Is sweetest sympathy and love!—
Earth's sublimest melody!
Heaven's holiest symphony!

TO SMILE.

Its worth you while, my dear, to smile,
To look stern duty in the face,
To bravely bear life's weight of care,
Let hope and joy take sorrow's place.

Then cultivate a happy state,
Just kindly smile and pass it on,
Like ocean's wave the shores to lave
When weary weeks or years are gone.

Then smile, my dear, impart good cheer
With hope, and faith, and trust, and love,
'T will quell each fear, staunch rising tear,
Bring peace and blessing from above.

Smile, smile each day, chase gloom away,
Your laugh, like vibrant echo, ring!
Unending chain, 't will come again
And to your own soul pleasure bring!

DYING, YET LIVING.

As fadeth the beautiful daylight,
And night's dusky shadows appear
In the haze of the soft mellow twilight,
A holier presence is near,
We sum up the day's weighty problems,
Con over each word, deed and thought,
We weigh the result of our actions,
Whether good or ill they have wrought.
But the strife and the worry of living,
Stern trial, temptation and care

Are lost in diviner forgiving,
And the hallowing chalice of prayer.

After seasons of storm, cloud and sunshine
Close the year with unerring pace
The traces of pleasure or trial
Are written on mind, heart and face.
Again we pause for a reckoning;
Contrition and solemn resolve,
Sweet conscience silently beckoning—
While many new plans we evolve,
That will chasten, uplift and inspire,
Make motives more pure and divine,
Exalt and ennoble desire,
And lead to a life more sublime.

And when mortal strivings are over,
When we wait the blissful beyond,
May life's fond ambitions be welded
By sacred and holier bond.
Pure faith in immortal existence,
Bright hope that illumines the soul,
With promise of endless progression
To perfect and sanctified goal.

FOR THOSE WE LOVE.

'Tis sweetest joy to work for those we love,
To know our effort makes their worries less,
Thus our unselfish sacrifices prove,
So much of faithful, loving tenderness.

For those we love, we find no task too great,
For task it truly ceases then to be,

When little needs we can anticipate,
And leave beloved ones from sorrow free.

We work for those we love, for them we live,
For they to us are Heaven's choicest gift;
And unto self no passing thought we give,
So happy that their burdens we can lift.

For those we love we breathe a fervent prayer,
That God may keep them safe from every ill;
We tenderly consign them to His care,
To walk His ways, to do His holy will.

For those we love, alas! the dying year
Has brought to some much pain and weary care;
We want to soothe, to-day, the sad'ning tear,
Impart new hope, their grief and sorrow share.

And who are they, with magic touch of art,
That wake affection's best and tenderest thought?
Go, thou, and ask each loving mother-heart,
For there, the miracle of love is wrought!

AMERICA—WASHINGTON

America! fair land of Freedom's sires,
Alas, how low doth burn the brilliant fires
Enkindled long ago, when Washington—
By Heaven inspired—true, loyal hearts led on
To fight and nobly die in freedom's cause,
And for this new-born land make righteous laws.

O Washington! our patriot so true!
Our country's faithful Father! now to you
We give all honor due! This natal day
Commemorate thine honored name, and pray
That God for us perpetuate thy birth,
And send another just like you to earth!

WORTH OUR WHILE.

Let us seek to make life better by our being on the earth,
Gleaning here the priceless jewels, gems of purity and worth;
Living day by day in patience, with a firm, unfaltering will,
For in faith we have assurance God will every wish fulfill.
He will teach the whys and wherefores, He will make our duty plain,
Help us walk the narrow pathway, and eternal blessings gain.

THE NEW YEAR'S STOCKING.

My daughter, dear, her stocking hung
Upon the glist'ning Christmas tree,
And said,—"I'll play the child again,
And see what "Santa" brings to me;
For this is what I always did
On Christmas Eve—and New Year's, too—
And "Santa" never failed me once,
But proved most generous and true."

Her goodnight kisses on my cheek—
Her gentle voice I seem to hear—
Its sweet, angelic accents speak
Its wonted words of hope and cheer.
Yes, precious child! your mother, too,
Will play the "Santa" as of yore,
And in that stocking place for you
Some little gift as oft before.

But better far than sweets or gold,
Are precepts, which I fain would write,—
Ah, half their worth was never told;—
Remember nought gives such delight
As virtue, purity and truth,
Intelligence and wisdom, sage—
The noblest heritage of youth
The brightest diadem of age.

Be true to God, mankind, and self!
Seek thou for Heaven's guiding powers—
Thus evermore life's winding paths
Will be o'er strewn with sweetest flowers.
God bless you, darling, through all time!
Though mother be not always near,
May gems immortal and sublime
E'er fill your heart each glad New Year!

GRANDMA'S SUNBEAM.

Little sunbeam, child of three!
Full of life's activity,
Brightening every changing scene
By thy presence, fairy queen.

Sheltered by love's fostering care
Of life's sorrows unaware,
Like an angel from above,
Filling every heart with love.

Living bud of promise rare!
Thou must have most tender care,
That thy petals may unfold
To flower fair, with grace untold.

Sunbeams follow where you come
In our hearts, and in our home;
Bringing hope and peace and joy—
Golden beams without alloy.

May thy feet find pleasant ways,
While thy soul sings Father's praise,
May thy mind expand in truth—
Fairest sunbeam, little Ruth.

MT. GLEN'S WELCOME.

Fair sylvan glade with verdant shade,
Where pine trees sigh in rustic wave,
Where flowers bloom with sweet perfume,
And spotted trout in streamlets lave.
Here noble hearts in welcome greet
Each stranger, who, with weary feet
And tired brain, pass through their door,
As pilgrims from a distant shore.

Kind Father, bless, with joy impress
Each truly noble, generous friend
Whose gentle tone to those from home,
A kindly greeting did extend.

With potent hand bless this fair land,
That it may yield a thousand fold!
A just reward from Thee, O, Lord;
For all their kindness manifold.

PARTING.

This life has many varied scenes
Of joy and peace, of grief and pain;
Today we meet, tomorrow part,
Perchance to never meet again.

How oft we part from those we love,
In careless, thoughtless, sullen mood,
Expecting soon to meet again,
Adown life's sunny, peaceful road.

It may be weeks and months go by,
And even long and weary years
Before we see the beaming eye,
Last seen through mists of blinding tears.

And often times it is the last
Of mortal parting here below,
Although remorseful tears flow fast
We cannot more, sweet converse know.

May we forever live in peace,
And part in peace, with all around,
Good fellowship will then increase,
And not a vain regret be found.

Oh, never let the parting sun,
Go down upon our foolish wrath,
Forgive, forget the wrong that's done,
And walk the loving, peaceful path.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Why this wild, tempestuous throbbing,
Bounding, aching of the heart?
Why does life go out in sobbing
Since from her I had to part?

Will she e'er again be with us,
Beauteous maiden, bright and fair,
With her sweet and witching dimples,
With the sunlight in her hair?

She hath gone from out our dwelling,
Joys and cares no more to share,
Hearts left breaking, bleeding, swelling
With their weight of anxious care.

"Is she dead?" I hear you asking,
"Then if so there's faith to cheer,
She in Heaven's sunlight, basking,
Ought to check the blinding tear."

"Is she dead?" You ask it gravely,
Were it so, how light the pain,
I could bear the grief more bravely—
For no more I'd search in vain!

THE STAR OF THE MORN.

In hours of darkness—at midnight,
Rank bitterness raged in my soul,
A sense of injustice o'ercame me
With power beyond my control.

I cried in the depths of my anguish,
"How could they have done this dire thing?
To sap all the hope of a lifetime,
To pierce ev'ry joy with a sting."

I gazed on the cold, frosty woodland,
And solace found not for my woe;
In sorrow my eyes were turned heav'nward,
The refuge of all here below.

I wandered about in the darkness,
My heart overburdened with pain,
Oh the hours had flitted relentless
Bitter tears were falling like rain.

. . . .

The blue sky above me seemed bluer
The stars never shone quite so bright.
Afar in the eastern horizon
The star of the morn met my sight.

Most beautiful orb of the heavens
With crescent half closing thee round;
My emblem of sacred forgiving,
My joy in God's love so profound.

An instant I thought of our Maker—
His love and forgiveness for all,
Of Heaven and earth, the Creator,
Then my soul emerged from its pall.

The calmness of peace then caressed me
And lulled all my senses to rest;
Through the star of the morning He blessed
me—
His love by all nature expressed.

IMMORTAL HOPE.

O blessed, holy Sabbath morn,
With hearts removed from earthly care,
We bless the day that Christ was born,
And give Him praise in song and prayer.

For all the bounties Father gives,
Our souls rebound in gratitude;
We know God loves—we know He lives!
For we've partaken heavenly food.

He's given us this beauteous world,
The mountain vales of priceless worth,
And here His banner is unfurled,
Proclaiming peace to all the earth.

Far more than every earthly prize,
Is precious hope, and faith, and trust—
The power to gain eternal lives
With all the faithful, and the just.

This life is not a fleeting hour,
To live and breathe so short a span,
To die and wither like a flower—
No; that is not the end of man!

MY MOTHER.

My mother left me very young,
Which over all my life hath flung
A sense of insufficiency.
No guiding hand in early days,
No gentle tones in words of praise
To give my soul tranquility.

Oh, how I miss those loving arms
Which shielded me from life's alarms,
In every dire necessity!
E'en now that dear and placid face—
Which only in my mind I trace—
Helps me to bear adversity.

But oh! the sense of something gone
Increases still as years roll on,
And will through life's futurity;—
Until once more her hand I grasp.
Until my form she will enclasp,
Will I then feel security.

Then if I once can reach her side
No more of ill will me betide—
Environed by maternal love,
For well I know my mother, pure,
Hath gained a crown that will endure
In the celestial courts above.

LONELINESS.

This day has been so long and drear,
The sky o'ercast with murky mist,
No brightsome ray has come to cheer,
No balmy breeze my brow hath kissed;
No gentle voice in loving tone,
No loving hand to press my own,
No heart to throb in sympathy,
To set my burdened spirits free,
No, none, not one—except my God—
My dearest one lies 'neath the sod!

WE LIVE AGAIN.

From earth's tender bosom sweet flowers will
bloom,
To mortals a token, that out of the tomb
Our bodies will rise from mounds of the earth,
Mount up to the skies, receive there new birth.

SPIRIT WHISPERINGS.

Throughout the deep stillness of midnight,
In silence of dawn's purple haze,
Again through the moments of daylight,
We listen with solemn amaze
To the voices whispering to us.
In wonder our spirits commune,
The glories of heaven imbue us—
Our souls all alert and in tune.

Sweet spirit of tenderest blessing
Inspiring melodious song,
Our hearts throb in echoes, expressing
The joys of a heavenly throng.
The soft breathing accents of angels
Are wafted afar from beyond,
The tones of an infinite Presence,
To whom all emotions respond.

AUTUMN TREES.

O autumn trees, bare autumn trees,
Now swaying in the sighing breeze
Bereft of all thy brilliant leaves,
In sympathy my spirit grieves.

To see thee now forlorn and drear,
I bow my head, I drop a tear;
A bitter lesson thou dost teach
To all, without the power of speech.

Aye, even in a single day
All worldly wealth is swept away!
The richest dress—e'en happiness,
Replaced by ruin and distress.

Yet to the trees, as well as men,
God brings back hope—new life again!
He will thy forms reanimate,
Reward to all who work and wait!

L. D. S. U.

When school days are over we'll up and away,
We'll rake the sweet clover and help make the hay,
We'll hie to the mountains far over the hills,
We'll lave in the fountains and wade in the rills;—

Through bright, sunny days seek respite for brain,
Mid fallows and flowers, join nature's refrain;
We'll drink in new vigor of body and mind,
Prepare for the future—leave worries behind.

At home meet the loved ones, unite 'round the board,
With them in petitions draw near to the Lord.
Show father and mother our hearts are still warm,
For sister and brother, and home's sweetest charm.

Then through all these pleasures we will not forget
Our classmates, professors and friends whom we met
In loved halls of Learning, and who ever give
Incentive and yearning, a true life to live.

Our names we'll emblazon on history's scroll,
To live there forever while centuries roll—
To live for pure thought and noble endeavor,
For truth and for right, forever and ever.

SABBATH SONG.

As sunbeams bright with genial ray,
Dispel the night, make glad the day,
So doth the gospel's holy light
Beam on the world to guide aright.
Through our Creator's gracious love
There came a mandate from above,
A whispering, softly soothing voice—
Which made earth's children all rejoice.

In answer to a wise command,
Our Sabbath Schools throughout the land,
With words inspired, and truths refined
Seek now to mould the youthful mind.
By constant and increasing toil,
The tiny seed, in proper soil,
Expands and bursts, and bye-and-bye
Most beauteous flower will greet the eye.

So will that wondrous spark of life—
The human soul,—with beauties rife,
Through Inspiration's holy plan
Become the wise and noble man.
For blessings on our pathway strewn,
Our souls with God's are in attune;
His truths have banished human fears
Through life's long days, and months,
and years.

THE NEW LIFE

A mortal life but just begun,
Is pure as stream that ever run
From mountain height to vale below
To make the woodland flowers grow!
Ah, may this vital current, free,
E'er bubble forth in purity;
Bring life and vigor in its wake,
Earth's purest joys to give and take;—

This life remain a living stream,
To make the world with beauty teem,
To bring forth fruits of choicest worth,
To feast the souls of all on earth;

That when to fountains up above
It doth return o'erfraught with love,
'Twill be permitted to flow on
To endless tides of joys beyond.

IMMORTAL FLOWERS.

May the buds of living promise,
Ope to flowers most sublime,
Precious children sent from Heaven,
Bringing blessings through all time.

THE PSYCHIC STREAM.

Oh, the intricate course of this wonderful stream,
That winds like a brooklet through smooth silent glen,
From the time the babe smiles with its beautiful dream,
Till in tumult it bounds in the minds of great men!

Like dews from the heavens congealed on the flowers,
Increasing its volume as onward e'er flowing,
Tiny cells that first had resisted its powers
Impede not its course, for this streamlet is growing!

Now it dashes and bounds with youth's wild abandon,

Madly rushing o'er boulder and rough, rocky
shoal,
O'er hillock and gorge, now with freedom, at
random,
Through each crevice and cleft on the way to
its goal!

The spring from the mountain now winds down
the valley,
Clear streams from the canyon unite while they
quiver,—
But the deafening roar, and the dash, as they
rally,
Are lost in the silent, the deep, flowing river!

This river, oft peaceful, and placid, and quiet,
In musical accents flowing softly away,
Will suddenly wage uncontrolable riot
While dashing in torrents o'er Niagara's way!

The rapids before, and the calm which comes
after,
Are followed by surge in tempestuous rave,
As onward it leaps with melodious laughter,
To rest on the breast of the blue ocean wave!

* * * * *

O mind, in thy fullness! O brain, with thy
powers!
Well art thou compared to a pure, sparkling
fountain,
The well-spring of life! wondrous source of
life's waters,
Like pure, crystal spring in the heights of the
mountain!

Look well to thy mission, remember thy being
Was destined by God's omnipotent hand
To pass through the narrows, enduring still seeing
The wonderful truth of the all-wise command,—

That talents be used, not "hid in a napkin"
To rust without using, grow weak without toil:—
No greater calamity ever could happen
Than failing to test them in suitable soil.

We truly should cultivate powers, God-given,
That like richest manna will feed famished men;
O'er spreading the world with the glories of Heaven,
As the flowers, that blossom again and again!

The pool, in its stillness, breathes poison and torment,—
The air all around with infection is rife,
The purest of water grows stagnant when dormant,
It is unceasing action that purifies life!

Then to work, with a will, ye brains, with true valor,
That can only be equaled by physical zest!
For 'tis work that saves souls from pestilent squalor,
Ah, the pure Living Water is never at rest!

LINGERING SPIRITS.

In olden time a prophet sage hath said—
And somewhere, too, the poets words I've read—
That spirits of our loved ones linger near,
A subtle, mystic presence, sweet and dear:
Though in the grave, or over briny sea,
Their voices whisper love continually:
O, blessed bond, surpassing life's vague dream,
It gives us hope and faith and strength supreme!

WE SHOULD BE GLAD.

Darling, dear, we should be glad we have each other,
So let the fierce winds blow!
I have a daughter fair, you have a mother—
Our tears should cease to flow!

Darling, dear, we should not weep, but we should, rather,
Let soul burst forth in song!
Ah, think, sweet child, we have a Heavenly Father
Who can our joys prolong!

LINES.

Some have mansion's lofty dome,
To house an empty life!
But for mine own, a cottage home,
For me, and babe, and wife!

WITH ALL COMES LOVE.

To you, my dear and honored friend,
This simple gift, with love I send,
And pray that all that's good and bright,
Upon thy path may shed its light.
Through all the coming days and hours,
Oh, may the fragrance of sweet flowers,
And all the wisdom of good books,
Flow to thy soul like running brooks.

CHRISTMAS GREETING
1908.

Oh, may the soft and mellow light
Of Heaven's love around thee shine,
To cheer thee in deep sorrow's night,
To keep thee near that sacred shrine.
For only here is solace found;
Our God, alone, such joy imparts;
For those who seek, His gifts abound,—
He knows the depth of human hearts!

There is no wound, however deep,
But He hath power to soothe and heal;
He cheers the saddest ones who weep,
And will life's purposes reveal.
He opes for us the mystic gate
'Twixt heaven and earth, that we may see
The perfect blessings that await,
Beloved friend, for you, for me!

May Christmas joys this happy morn,
Be all thy yearning heart could crave!

While souls rejoice that Christ was born
All children of this world to save.
Oh, may the merry, Christmas chime
In joyous praises ever ring!
Pure love divine—His love sublime—
Into thy life its treasures bring.

May peace and plenty crown thy board
While best beloved ones are near,
Uniting hearts with one accord,
In gratitude, for Yuletide cheer.
In thankfulness for perfect trust—
Implicit faith in Father's love—
For all His mercies, ever just,
His power all springs of life to move!

SINGING PRAISE.

The pulse of the Universe trembles and thrills
With the weight of the beautiful story it tells,
There are men of all nations united in one,
In glory and praise to the sanctified Son.
In peans of rapturous gratitude now,
Our hearts give their tribute, while humbly we bow
To the throne of our Father, our voices to raise
Along with all men in singing His praise.

IN MEMORIUM.

Toll! Toll! in gentle tones the bell,
At half mast let the flag ascend,
And thus the solemn tidings tell,
We've lost a father and a friend.

His life is spent, his race is run,
No more of earthly pain nor care—
At last his pilgrimage is done,
To heavenly courts he will repair.

To family and friends who nursed,
Their loved one with such tender care,
This change will come with stinging force,
They'll grieve to see his vacant chair.

But they will learn to look above,
And feel this loss their father's gain,
He's gone to that eternal bourne,
Devoid of sorrow toil and pain.

He's left his children here on earth,
A grander, nobler heritage,
Than that of titles, wealth or birth,
An honored name! through parentage.

And his example e'er will be,
To all his friends and kindred dear,
A lasting, priceless legacy,
Their future lives to bless and cheer.

His record through all time will live,
Emblazoned on the hearts of men!
Reward will come for what we give—
Yes, yes, we know he lives again.

Within these valleys broad and fair,
Of fruitful fields and happy homes,
We trace his footprints everywhere,
His name will live for years to come.

In duty's paths he never failed,
Unflinching, strong and brave he stood;
Before the blasts he never quailed,
While working for his people's good.

The strife is o'er; the battle's done;
The noble soldier, staunch and brave,
Hath now his glorious victory won,
For death will triumph o'er the grave.

It is not death but endless life,
That greets him on the other side,
Yes life all free from pain and strife,
Eternal glory—sanctified!

DREAMS.

Through all this day I've had sweet dreams
Of home, sweet home, and all this means!—
That sacred shrine where love light gleams
O'er all its varied, changing scenes.
I've seen fair faces gathered there,
Their wistful looks, my empty chair,
I've seemed to hear their tender prayer
For one too far their joys to share—
How little did our hearts discern,
The bitter lessons we must learn
Before the hour of our return—
Blest happy day for which we yearn!
But now, indeed, it is so near,
Our souls are filled with blissful cheer!

THE RED CROSS.

The heaven-born thought that gave it birth,
Encircles now the sea and earth;
Its humane hand, with tender stroke,
The echoes of the world have woke.
Now every heart is touched, by pain and mortal woe
And thrills responsive, be it friend or foe.
And Heaven smiles, and blesses those who live,
Their better selves for suff'ring souls to give.

TO-MORROW.

In the moonlight, midnight dreary,
Wandering, wondering sad and weary,
Mind and spirit far away,
Thought me then of one forlorn
As she stood within my doorway,
In my doorway pale and worn.

With an earnest, tender yearning,
Loving thoughts are still returning
To my sister, sore oppressed;
For affliction's hand, relentless,
Heavily her heart now presses—
Fills her soul with sad unrest.

Now I pause and deeply ponder—
For perplexing thought will wander—
Wonder at the cause of sorrow,
Why fond hearts must droop and languish!
Why the cause of mortal anguish,
Will the answer come to-morrow?

Then me-thinks I hear a whisper
Like the cadence of a vesper,
Gently, softly, breathing low, —
Tender strains so sweet and solemn—
That I feel it comes from heaven,
For its echoes well I know.

"Come, ye sad and heavy-laden,"—
There is one can hear your pleading—
"Cast your burden on the Lord!"—
It is through a sweet contrition,
And a perfect, pure submission
We will gain our great reward.

GOING HOME.

On! on we go with lightning speed,
And yet the pace seems slow!
I pass each mile with avid greed,
What joys I soon will know.
So soon to fold my treasures here
Close to this beating heart,
With bounding joy and welling tear,
My wealth of love impart.

Into their eyes I'll fondly gaze—
E'en now my own will fill,
I wonder how they've fared these days—
If they've been free from ill.
But soon I'll see if aught's amiss,
If all's in sweet attune,
And if their hearts are full of bliss
This rosy, sunny June.

With Heaven's aid in accents mild,
Their wounded souls I'll bind,
Win smiles from each beloved child
While reels of joys unwind;
Ah, what a meeting it will be
Now that the years are gone!
Each hour seems now eternity—
Speed on, speed on, speed on!

DUTY.

Oft we ask ourselves the question,
What is best for us to do?
What in life the best vocation—
Best for woman to persue?

Shall we be the dolls of fashion?
Loved and flattered for a while,
Simply live for passing passion,
Live on sycophantic smile;

Shall we live for vain ambition?
Live to gain life's wealth and power?
Feast on words of adulation,
On the friendship of an hour?

Shall we live for public duty?
To reform the low and vile,
Shall we stake our all on beauty,
Or to add to Mammon's pile?

Shall we live for home's fair altar?
Ne'er to pass beyond it's shrine?
Shall we put our hearts in halter
Of mere Fashion all the time?

To these queries what's the answer?
Duty at the time is all!
Let our thoughts and feelings center
On our Duty! that's the Call!

Know it, love it, act it bravely,
Whereso-e'er the path may lead,
For 'twill bring most perfect pleasure,
And at last the richest meed.

MORTAL MUTABILITY.

This morn, as on my way I pass,
I see a spring amid the grass.
I look within—alack! alas!!
And can this be the bonny lass
Who used this way to flit before
From out her mother's cottage door,
With cheery voice, and songs a store,
Whom village swains did fain adore?

Oh, dear! Ah, me! and can it be
This is the face I used to see
So full of blithsome, merry glee?
From out my mirror, answer me!
That smooth, fair brow and dimpled cheek,
The eyes with language curt or meek
Expressing wealth of joy within
Too young to know life's pain or sin!

The brow is furrowed now with care,
And silver-white the raven hair;

The eyes have troubled shadows there,
And in this change the rose-tints share.
Experience hath left its trace
On form, and brain, and heart and face.
Yet may there be redeeming grace
By nobler thought to take its place;
In gentler word, in kinder deed,
In helpfulness to those in need,
In faithfulness to home and friends
I trust for art may make amends.

LOVE.

How wonderful the mystic power of love!
Almost magical in its attributes,
So often an unexpected creation—
Departing from us when we fain would hold it.
A most mysterious, unearthly passion,
O'er which volition has no mastery.—
We cannot force rebellious hearts to love
Nor can we implant devotion in the soul.
Sometimes at first sight of love's beloved object
Hearts are lost in maze of facination.
A wondrous, peculiar congeniality,
A subtle, unfathomable affinity,
Ethereal, bewild'ring, attractiveness,
Binding heart to heart and soul to soul
By links of love forged by the Master Workman.
As lasting, and eternal as time itself!
Boundless as the vast empyrium!
As limitless as time and space

A power as matchless as the stars
A passion as beautiful, sweet and tender
As earth or Heaven can ever know!

JOSEPH.

Could son to me more faithful be,
More thoughtful for my weal!
He lifts the load along the road
And brightest spots reveal.

A man of worth, of royal birth,
His heritage is Truth.
He hears each call, he blesses all
From feeble age to youth.

Now may he, too, have flowers strew
His path through all life's way;
His generous heart find ample part
To bless each coming day.

May all that's fair beyond compare
Bring joy and heappiness;
With living fire his soul inspire,
His noble efforts bless.

THE RULING PASSION.

I, too, have found a gem remote from native shore,
And aye, full oft, have listened to its sighing song.
From childhood's days till now, have listened oft and long,
My spirit feasting on old ocean's magic store.

And while this shell, inanimate forevermore,
And alien in a strange and far off land forlorn,
Sings on and on the songs of isles where it was born,
My soul will chant, "I thee adore, I thee adore."

And as all mortal beings turn to one fair goal,
My ruling passion ever is my love for thee;
Forever more I'll sing one tender melody—
My love, my love for thee—Beloved of my soul.

LOVE'S DESIRES.

Oh, if the power to span, were mine,
The adamantine hills that rise,
The seas and lands, which hide from view
My loved from me—then stars would shine,
And earth would wear a brighter hue,
Oh, if their faces I could see,
The music of their voices hear—
Then joy a welcome guest would be,
No more would fall the blinding tear;
While burning founts of longing love
Now bursts the bounds of self-control.
So all my deeper senses move
Like raging billows in my soul!
With yearning love I stretch my arms
To clasp them fondly to my breast,
To keep them safe from every harm
My dear, beloved ones,—my best!

AND YET FORGIVEN

Loose, wagging tongues attack the innocent,
Seek now to smirch and tarnish one's good name,
To filch one's dearest prize;—on mischief bent
They vilify! ah, friends, for very shame!.

Did thieves break in and steal my mite of wealth,
Or were I plundered on the broad highway,
Or even robbed of home, and life itself,
I could not feel so poor and sad today.

With honor questioned;—e'en a pure and good intent,
Debased to motives foreign to the thought,
Some busy tongues have been most dilligent,—
Unmeasured grief and sorrow they have wrought.

Most cruel wounds! the pangs of which I feel,
Can bitter drops of sorrow cease to flow?
Can thrusts of those I've truly loved e'er heal?
Can I this avalanche of doubt o'erthrow?

Will e'er this turbid stream from vials of wrath
Flow pure and clear along its peaceful way?
Must jealousy henceforth beset my path?
Oh, will this lowering cloud forever stay?

Vain circumstance doth mould the minds of men,
E'en sometimes precious life by law is doomed;

The innocent for justice may contend,
And yet in prison cells may be entombed.

But there will come a time, God's time there'll be,
When we'll be known as we ourselves doth know,
Till then, as taught by Him of Galilee,
Forgive them! Yes, I do—for all this woe!

A WISH.

While life's stream flows: through all the years
We hope may come to you, dear one,
May you not feel their flight,—not tears
But joy to come from duties done,
Sweet peace from holy fountains flow,
Immortal gifts their joys bestow.

UNCHANGEABLE AND TRUE.

All the world, e'en Time may change,
Human hearts grow cold and strange,
Eyes grow wet in vain regret,
But our God will ne'er forget.

Even friends we loved most true
Turn to others strange or new,
Mothers sometimes babes forget,
But our God remembers yet.

One unchangeable and true,
Ever just to me, to you!
Without doubt, or vain regret,
I know my God remembers yet!

THUS LONG TO LIVE.

So long as I can ease another's pain,
  So long as I some helpfulness can give,
Lead other souls some virtue to attain,—
  Thus long I truly hope that I may live.

So long as I can help to bear the load
  That weighs upon God's children here below,
Or move the brambles from life's thorny road—
  Thus long I hope mortality to know.

So long as I can speak in kindly tone,
  A soothing word of tender sympathy,
Oh, may my feeble powers thus be shown,—
  A ministration to humanity.

So long as I can raise my feeble voice,
  To testify of everlasting life,
To cause a downcast spirit to rejoice,—
  Thus willingly I'll wage this mortal strife.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Once there was written a song now immortal,
By one who was destined life's pathway to roam,
By Payne—at the time far from home and its portal—
Its restfulness found in the song, "Home, Sweet Home."

And yet he surely had tasted its glories,
Or how could he picture the pleasure that's known.
Exceeding e'en all the beautiful stories
Of poet and sage on the sweetness of Home.

"Home, home, sweet home," blessed home, dear and sacred,
The innermost depth of our being is thrilled:
E'en vanquishing pain, and sorrow, and hatred,
With comforting hope our spirits are filled.

At home wherein love and unity blended,
Our hearts fondly throb with unchanging love,
That fireside sacred with honor defended,
By God's sacred presence and smiles from above.

Must I, like our bard, forever, I wonder,
Be destined the pangs of an exile to know,
From country to country forever to wander,
Alone 'mid life's blasts my bitter tears flow?

Perhaps there will ne'er be abiding-place for me
In this mortal sphere of trial and strife,
Thank God! for the hope of an eternal glory,
For those who are faithful and true through this life.

Thank God! for the sweet, the blessed assurance,
Of eternal peace which to each one will come.
As blessing to all for patient endurance,
That pure perfect rest in our last Home Sweet Home!

MY "FRIEND IN NEED".—P. W. S.

With sweetest smile she welcomed me—
  She met me at the gate—
She pressed my hand in sympathy,
  And bade me rest and wait.

She soothed me with her tenderness —
  A traveler, ill and worn;
Relieved me of my sore distress,
  Angelic mercy borne!

"A friend in need"—indeed, my friend
  Will ne'er forgotten be.
May Heaven's choicest gifts descend
  To bless her ministry.

TO E. B. W.

We love our noble friend for true and sterling worth,
Her comprehensive mind — her usefulness on earth,
For sympathetic interest in everything that's good,
But sweetest, best of all, her thought for womanhood.
We love her for her energy and philanthropic deeds,—
Her never-tiring ministry in life's supremest needs.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

Who are these men? I asked my friend,
  These men so good and true,
In whose two names we now attend,
  To give them honor due.

These men?—Why, they were pioneers,
  From distant countries, far,
They crossed the plains in toil and tears,—
  No; not in pullman car.

They drove ox teams and pitched their tents,
  Made roads, built bridges, too,
As wanderers with faithful saints,
  The desert to subdue.

And through the long, eventful years
  On western prairie lands,
Unfaltering, with hopes and fears,
  They toiled with willing hands.

They sought with prayerful, faithful hearts,
  Their sustenance to gain,
They trusted One who strength imparts,
  They never prayed in vain.

The Gospel they received in youth,
  And recognized it's worth,
This everlasting boon of Truth,
  They've spread abroad on earth.

They've comforted the weary ones,
  Through faith and humble prayer,
Brought peace and joy to many homes,
  Whene'er they entered here.

As faithful servants of the Lord,
  They've nobly done their part,
They've never deemed a task too hard,
  'Twas done with willing heart.

With willing hand and spirit, free,
  With fortitude and power,
They've worked with true integrity
  To do His will each hour.

They've given youth, and strength—their all,
  In service of the Lord,
They've answered nobly every call,
  And lived his written word.

Positions, too, of sacred trust,
  These valiant men have held,
Their lives have been both true and just,
  Their hearts with joy have swelled.

Companions of the good and true,
  E'er loyal through all time,
They've tasted joys known to but few,—
  God's holy light, sublime.

Now we all join with one accord,
  In fervent, heart-felt prayer,
For choicest blessings from the Lord,
  To reach them everywhere.

* * *

How many long, eventful years,
  Have flitted one by one,
Life's pages blurred with mists of tears!
  God help us feel—"Thy will be done."

THE PIONEERS CHRISTMAS.

'Twas Yuletide on the bleak frontier,
Where hardy yeomen toiled with meager cheer,
Who had, through faith and strong undaunted will,
Gained each a humble home and farm to till.
Here, women, too, privation's pangs endured,
And little children were to want inured;
And some had never dreamed of Christmas joys
Their parents knew, when they were girls and boys.

On dreary, barren plain, they'd made a home,
Where wolves and antelope were wont to roam,
Upon the shores of Utah's inland sea—
They'd sought and found, the boon of liberty.
Where they could worship God as they deemed best,
With none to make afraid or to molest,
In all their daily lives, there seemed to shine
From every word and act a love, divine.

Ere long the Government, misinformed—
And of a fancied treason warned,
Considered it expedient and wise,
To send at once armed troops—result of lies,
Against a harmless persecuted folk
Who had, like ancient Israel under yoke,
Been driven from their all—their rightful home,
Into a dreary wilderness to roam.

It was not then as now, with wires and rails,
Encompassing the globe. These western trails,
Through wastes and wilds, and burning desert sands,
Were made by bleeding feet and blistering hands.
Of these brave pioneers—whose living hope
Found courage with their hardships thus to cope.
Sustained and strengthened by an unseen Arm,
They reached their destination safe from harm.

The troops who followed them with dire intent,
Were not so fortunate as on they went
Upon that toilsome journey o'er the plain
And Great Divide; o'er such a vast domain,
They had miscalculated on their time,
And knew not the vicissitudes of clime.
To them it seemed a never ending tramp,
As day by day they made their weary camp.

Their pace is slow, and very long before
Their journey's end, they oft in vain deplore
The lateness of their start, for wintry blasts,
In cold and cheerless canyons, held them fast.
Impossible their footsteps to retrace,
Now dire starvation stared them in the face—
Subsisting but in part upon wild game—
Which, now and then, near their encampment came.

It seems quite strange, but through neglect or fault

They found themselves without a grain of salt!—
Then tales of this sad plight came to the ears
Of Brigham Young, who led the pioneers—
In cause of Right invincible, so true
To all the finer instincts known to few,
His heart, as gentle as a woman's was,
Responded to divine and humane laws.

At once he called upon his loyal men,
Resolved on prompt and kind relief to send:
Divided they their scanty, poor supplies,
Obtained by sweat and toil 'neath burning skies.
They also took an ample generous stock
Of what has proven "celebrated salt!"
For this had been, in early days gone by,
Their richest harvest,—salt and alkali!

As time went on these U. S. men enjoyed
The great advantages of old "Camp Floyd"
Content to rest awhile upon their oars,
But through exchange enriching well the stores
Of pioneers there living round about,
Who long of certain luxuries had been without.
And many eyes now sparkled with the light
That gleamed from golden coin so rare and bright.

'Twas now that Mother Anna in her home
So humble, watched for Christmas time to come,
Her poor resources, too, she studied o'er,
And sighed when she beheld her scanty store.

Two years a widow left with children, three,
She'd gained their sustenance by industry.
But little had she now for those so dear,
To make their hearts rejoice with Christmas cheer.

In cap and mittens, gay, and homespun blouse,
One wintry morn Young John ran in the house,
And cried, "Oh! mother, Nell and Little Flo,
Come quick! and see! before they come and go!
The soldier troops are marching up the street,
Just listen to their drums and tramping feet!
Right on the hill they're going to camp, they say,
All through the winter, maybe, there to stay!"

"Joe Walker was afraid, and ran and hid!
I marched up behind them, that's what I did!"
'Twas then a light came in the Mother's eyes;
"I wonder, dear, if you could sell some pies?"
Why, mother, yes; I'm sure I could,
Of course!—as well as I could chop your wood!
You know the other day that great big stick—
I cut it right in two as short and quick!"

* * *

"Come here, my little man," the captain said—
As John, quite shyly, with reluctant tread,
Had let the other boys push him aside—
Come, let me see what's in that basket, tied.

See, boys! does that not feast your hungry
eyes?
Just think! the first for months! its pies!
boys, pies!
The men came 'round like bees from out a hive,
What? a dollar for the lot? we'll give you
five!"

Now, here's your money. Hold it very tight,
Be sure to come again with pies,—tonight!
"Pies like my mother made" a young man said,
And quickly from the others turned his
head.
"A boy just like my own," the captain sighed,
While down the snowy hill he saw him slide.
What say you, comrades? Let's give that boy,
Each something for his own and mother's
joy."

"December Twenty-fourth! would you believe?
Indeed, this very night is Christmas Eve!
Let's have our joy, by making others glad;
Fill up the basket of that little lad
With sweetmeats, nuts and dried fruits, too;
For in this desert land such things are few.
And in my pack, I'm sure there's hid away
A box of bon-bons since that parting day."

* * *

How light was Mother Anna's heart! how glad,
The boy. As many ladened baskets had
Been carried up the hill to fairy land!
It seemed to him, each time his little hand,
Brought back again a shining piece of gold—
And last his basket, all that it could hold,

"This, for your mother!" said that man so good,
While little John gave smiles of gratitude.
That night as 'round the Yule-log's ruddy glow,
The mother's thankful, joyful tears would flow,
And Nellie's wistful eyes looked in her own—
'Tis not because I'm sad, my precious one,—
My heart is very full of grateful joy,
That God has spared to me my girls, my boy,
That He has been so kind, has heard my prayer—
Of His great blessings, given such a share."

Oh, boundless gifts! to me of untold worth!
Far, far more priceless than the gems of earth!
So bravely have you worked throughout this day,
My little man, without one thought of play,
'Twas God who sent these blessings in disguise,
'Twas He who prompted us to make the pies,
Yes He has blessed us so this Christmas Eve,
That never more should we complain or grieve.

In sweet accord they sang their joyful lays,
Their hearts attuned in love to sing God's praise,
Soon Little Flo, with nodding, curly head,
Said, "Hang my 'tockins up, me wants go bed."
And Nellie said, "Oh, yes, we must, and mother's, too,

And John's and mine, for 'Santa' loves us true."
Pure, guileless hearts! from these delusions wake
Not thou too soon: such bliss, oh, long partake!

While now the stockings, hung by dimpled hands,
Were dangling in the light of glowing brands,
In purest faith and hope each prayer was said,
And Mother Anna tucked them all in bed.
Then, as her custom was, sang lullabys
'Till sleep had closed their still unwilling eyes.
Dear children! you, watched o'er by mother love!
Can you from duty's pathway ever rove?

"Now, now to work!" she said, I must away!
For I have much to do before the dawn of day."
Across the street she went with sprightly tread,
To get for Little John, the longed-for sled,
'Tis true 'twas crude, as made by Cripple Ben—
The dollar paid did service once again.
A home-made wicker chair for darling Flo.,
Made from willows culled in fields below.

How deftly flew that mother's fingers when,
These errands done, she had returned again!
The world seemed filled with sweet and mystic charm;
The christmas-tree, long hidden in the barn,

She caused to bloom with gorgeous paper flowers—
The secret work of many evening hours.
Up in the top she placed the new, "rag doll,"
And on a lower limb a home-made ball.

Besides the useful gifts her hands had made—
Which one and all about the tree were laid,
Appeared the parcel sent by Captain Green,
And which but Mother Anna yet had seen.
Her heart in sweetest thankfulness had swelled,
When all these toothsome dainties she beheld.
The children's stockings now were brimming o'er,
With wonders they had never seen before!

Thus what people thought would bring distress,
Had been the very means their homes to bless.
In these poor pioneers the troops no harm
Could see, nor did the settlers feel alarm.
Instead of being saddened and forlorn,
All hearts rejoiced upon that Christmas Morn.
For thus to one another had been brought
A mutual benefit, by each unsought.

'Twas not alone to Anna and her brood,
That comforts came, with clothes and food—
With certain lines they came full stored—
Their visit, then, was not deplored,

For willing men found work and ready pay.
And market for potatoes, grain and hay.
And girls and women cooked and washed and sewed,
And thus was raised from all a heavy load.

The visit of the troops to our surprise,
That winter proved a blessing in disguise;
Then in the crude log church on Christmas Day,
Met young and old in thankfulness to pray;
And men grown wise in wisdom's learned ways,
Taught younger ones the cause for grateful praise:
The enemy was hungry so we fed
Not fought him—as the Savior said!

VISIONS.

Now in the deep silence of midnight
My spirit seems wafted away,
And there looms in the path of my vision,
The dawn of a holier day;
When again, we shall meet our beloved,
Renewing those sanctified ties,
That bind us forever and ever
To loved ones beyond the blue skies.

SERENITY.

Darling, we should be glad! we have each other,
So let the fierce winds blow;
I have a daughter's love, you have a mother,
Then tears should cease to flow.

Darling, we should not weep, but we should rather
Let Soul burst forth in song!
Ah, think, sweet child, we have a Heavenly Father,—
He doth our lives prolong.

TRANQUILLITY.

'Twas eventide, the World seemed breathing silent benison,
With Nature, and with Nature's God,—my soul in unison.

Gazing from my window casement
Out into the dreamy night,
Twinkling stars, through gath'ring shadows,
Soothing with a calm delight.

With my vision soaring skyward,
Far into the realms above,
All my being seems o'er flooded
With the Father's tender love.

E'en among the fleecy cloudlets,
I seem floating on and on,
'Till life's weary cares, so boundless,
Vanish surely one by one.

Then I seem to be surrounded
In a region pure and new,
With the love and trust unbounded,
Of my friends who know me true.

Then a soothing intonation,
Breathing music in mine ear;
Thou hast won through tribulation—
Look! thy great reward is here!

Then I see the hosts of heaven,
Hear them singing joyful praise,
O'er my soul from earth's toils riven,
Basking in celestial rays.

Gracious glimpse through heaven's portal,
Haste thou to reality;
Bring the gems of life immortal
To that vast Eternity!

WITH SATURDAY NIGHT.

When the work of life's mission is ended,
May it close with Saturday night,
When the children's stockings are mended,—
And no unfinished work meets my sight.

With my home and surroundings in order,
All the dust of the week swept away,
My heart's purest motives made ready,
For the rest of that blest Sabbath day.

All the work I have planned in my dreaming
Made a blessed reality here
The castles I've built more than seeming
With my powers more perfect to cheer.

With my frail, human weaknesses mastered,
With all evil o'ercome with the right,—

When called by the good, loving Father,
May it be after Saturday night.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

Old Year! Old Year! I sigh and drop a tear,
For very soon we part forevermore!
A laurel wreath I place upon thy bier,
As you lock hands with years now gone before.

Old Year! Old Year! how oft a burning tear
You've wrung from out my troubled, surging soul!
Again you've brought me many days of cheer,
And led my spirit back to heaven's goal.

TAKE ME THEN.

Ah, when old age hath come,
When health and vital strength have flown,
When active usefulness is gone,
When I've to second childhood grown,
Oh, who will love me then?

To live, kind Father, just
While I can execute this trust
Of mortal life in usefulness,
So long as I can others bless,—
No longer do I ask.

When I am weak and old,
When e'en ambition's fire is cold,

And flown the powers thou has lent,
When all life's energy is spent,
  Then take me to thyself.

  And when the time hath come
That mind and strength is all but done,
O Father, snap the palsied thread
Of life, for then am I the same as dead,
  And better go to Thee.

  When usefulness is o'er,
When I can help and soothe no more,
Nor ease the burdens others bear,
Nor mitigate their pain and care,
  I wish to go to Thee.

  When that time comes, take me
To realms of immortality;
Renew my useful powers then,
So I can live and work again,
  For that will Heaven be!

GOLDEN TREES.

Thou slender, waving, graceful trees,
Forever fanned by Wasatch breeze,
You, too, have felt the blighting frost,
Alas! your verdant hue is lost.

At morn the sun o'er yonder hill
Comes forth to greet the valley still;
With glintings from the unknown spheres,
Transforms to diamonds night-time's tears.

He sheds o'er all thy frosted forms
The most transplendent, brilliant charms;
With fiery wand, like angel stroke,
New, vivid beauties, hath awoke.

Transformed from Summer's mantle, green,
You now seem wrapped in gilded sheen;
Thy yellow leaves, so sere and old,
Are shimmering now like stars of gold.

O golden trees, I hope, like you,
To change life's garb for brighter hue;
Though days, like leaves, fall one by one,
Find life renewed, and victories won

OUR POETS.

Then should we deem it very strange
That poesy, in varied range,
Amid these all-inspiring scenes,
Should wake our souls to lofty themes?
Sweet echoes through these mountain dells,
The bracing air with music swells.

New songs, and rare, poetic tales
Are wafted by the perfumed gales
To hearts and homes. Through every hour,
They come as if by magic power,
And every impulse of the mind
Is quickened by this art refined.

These flowers of Thought illume our path
Like golden beams; inspiring faith

In human hopes, and human love,
Lead downcast souls to look above.
They cheer us when our hearts are sad,
And by their sunshine make us glad;
Inspire to all that's good and true,
Of all worth while, give clearer view.

What pleasures o'er our senses steal
When we commune with fair "Emile,"
Most vividly the language tells
The master mind of E. B. Wells.
And Lulu's words, so strong and brave,
Awaken thoughts, sublime and grave,
So forceful they, and yet so mild,
E'en helpful to the little child.

Dear Woodmansee in wealth of rhyme
Expresses truths at once sublime
Yet touching in their tender power —
For Righteousness a strength and tower.
And some have we whose names unknown,
Elysian fields delight to roam;
Where they have modestly expressed
Emotions, otherwise repressed.

Now, Lydia Alder's facile pen
Hath stirred the souls of learned men.
Dear names before our ardent view
As stars appear, in azure blue;
We're thinking now in tenderness
Of Carmichael, and F. L. S.—
For in our very early days,
They woke desires to write such lays.

Sweet Annie Pike, J. Spencer, too,
And, "Hope," with words of solace, true—
Dear M. A. Freeze, and Lillie T.,
And Ruth M. Fox the "working bee,"
Kate Thomas with her wit in hand,
And Mary F. in distant land,
Fair Annie C. and lovely Mell,
In numbers rare their fancies tell.

We've Julia Farnsworth's ready pen,
The cause of women to defend;
While in her home, with queenly grace,
As wife and mother fills her place.
We've Jakeman, with aspiring mind,
Whose pen-drawn pictures we will find
Are scenes from rare experience,
Appealing to the nobler sense.

Dear "Cactus," reared on Dixie soil,
Hath reached the heights by earnest toil,
And by a wise, discerning skill,
With life's great lessons, pages fill.
And "Homespun," too, with homespun yarns
Of rural life and country farms,
Who touches, with artistic grace,
Things, otherwise most common-place.

We've Cornaby, and Millicent,
Dear Greenhalch, too, and Hyacinth,
Lu Dalton, and our Crocheron,
With Lucy Clark and Phebe Young.
In dulcet notes they tune the lyre,
Enkindling bright, poetic fire,
While loving voice in praises sing
The memory of H. T. King.

How many of this royal band
Have reached the other, better land,
Yet still with us they speak and live—
Unto this world their treasures give!
And e'en beyond that mystic veil,
'Twixt life and death—partition, frail,
We hear sweet echoes, soft and low,
Of Zion's poet—E. R. Snow, —

Whose "O My Father," grand! sublime!
Is sung in every land and clime;
Her words such holy truths have taught,
With such great inspiration fraught—
That here we find a long-lost key
That opes to immortality!
And oh, the joy! What can compare!
To know we have "a Mother there!"

Methinks I see their forms divine,
E'en hear sweet voices, keeping time
In echoing waves, and seraph tone,
Where angels join round Father's throne.
May we who now are left on earth
Obtain with them celestial birth,
Together with that blessed throng
Unite in one triumphal song.

PROHIBITION.

Did you say you did not favor Prohibition's cause?
That you would oppose such measure as a statute
of our laws?
Stop and think! Oh, hear the echoes ringing
still from age to age

Wails of anguish, cries of hunger, themes of poet,
priest and sage,
Could you know the midnight vigils anxious wives
and mothers keep,
See them kneeling, praying, pleading—see the
little children weep,
Calling for the husband, father, hoping for his
soon return—
And yet almost fearing, dreading that for which
they wildly yearn.

Oh! the direful, dreadful vision of a man with
reason gone!
Once the type of noble manhood!—now we see
him stagger on,
Blear-eyed, dark, distorted features, rambling
speech and shambling gait,
Ah, you turn away and shudder with the thought
of such a fate!
Still we see this picture daily in this land of free-
dom's pride,
This, and still more sad conditions—crime and
poverty beside.
Greatest sins of every nation have their origin in
drink:—
Drink that kills a man's best impulse, brings him
to destruction's brink.
Brilliant thought and judgment darkened, use-
fulness and honor gone,
All that made him loved and happy ere the demon
Drink he'd known;
Ere he'd caused his best belov'd keenest pangs of
human woe,

Ere remorse, and pain and anguish he himself had
come to know.
Then arouse! awake! each nation, all ye towns
and cities hear!
Let the cause of Prohibition spread its banners
far and near!
That no more the eyes of childhood may behold
such wretched sight,
Let the force of man's example e'er impel the
course of right!
Let the earth consume the "poison" once for all,
and nevermore
Fire the blood and brain of mortal! Shout these
words from shore to shore:
Temperance, and Prohibition! Absteninence from
habits vile,
Will bring freedom, peace and plenty, making
earth and Heaven smile!

WEDDING WISHES.

Along the precious string of pearls
That's threaded tenderly for you, my love,
I'd place the brightest gems of worlds
Immortal from the realms above;
A blessed Faith in mutual worth—
Sweet Confidence, implicit Trust,
That e'en weak mortals here on earth
May rise to all that's good and just—
And feel—ah, more than all the rest,
That God directs our wav'ring feet,
That e'en in trials we are blest,
That bitter draughts may still be sweet.
Remember, too, whate'er betide—

Through all the changing scenes you rove—
God's constant Light can be your guide
With mother's ne'er unchanging Love.

VOICES OF THE WIND.

O thou sighing, moaning breeze,
Sweeping through the sylvan land,
Swaying grass and graceful trees,
Bending them with unseen hand,
Reaching e'en the ocean's tide
Dashing billows mountains high,
Through the surges, deep and wide,
Waking strong convulsive sigh.

On the land thy might is seen,
Desolation marks thy course,
Cities razed, and fields left clean,
Swept from earth without remorse.
Now thy mournful monotone,
Wailing as some soul in pain,
Makes me feel a child alone
When I hear thy solemn strain—

Whistling through the chimneys tall,
Rattling doors, and creaking blinds,
Dashing madly 'gainst the wall—
O remorseless, fickle wind!
How you wound my throbbing heart,
Piercing as with lance of steel,
Making all my pulses start,
When thy blasts I hear, and feel.

In thy tempest-stricken tones,
Mournful voices greet my ears,

And my burdened spirit moans
With the weight of by-gone years:
For my mother fond and true,
Failing with the autumn days,
Left us as the fierce winds blew,
'Twas then she passed from mortal gaze.

Now when murm'ring echoes ring
Round about my lonely bed,
O, what memories they bring—
Sweet beloved spirit fled!
Is there, can there ever be
Recompense for such a loss?
Wind again, thou answerest me:
Where's the crown without the cross?

RESURRECTION.

A tiny seed, a mite so small
That human eye could scarce behold,
Asleep in mother-earth did fall
While closely round her arms enfold.
It slumb'reth long, close hid away,
'Till wakened by creative power,
It swelled, and burst the cumbrous clay,
Expanding to most beauteous flower.

Beloved forms, in earth entombed,
Inert and silent, rest for years,
Where many seasons flow'rs have bloomed,
Made beautiful by love's lone tears;
Until a holy touch awakes
And fills with life the dormant spark,

Of living fire the soul partakes—
Emerges from its prison dark.

He came! A Being most divine,
Though clothed for earth in mortal guise,
His life to give for human kind,
Ah, what a solemn sacrifice.
Most perfect being earth has known,
Unto this world an infant born,
A mundane mantle round Him thrown,
Within the grave was laid forlorn.

But soon the stone was rolled away,
Ah, He had tasted death! Now life
Supreme would animate this clay!
To consummate His earthly strife.
Arising from His cerements, Lo!
From out His opened tomb
Our Savior rose! Said He, I go
To Him: For all mankind make room.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

While the pulse of the universe trembles and thrills
With the weight of its burden of love,
The spirit of peace every bosom instills,
While angels are smiling above.
Our Savior, Redeemer, and Giver, of all
Bids every soul respond to the call
To love one another e'en as He loved, when
He came to this world to die for all men!

THE KING OF DAY.

Fair Phoebus of the fiery face,
Where dost thou hide so long?
Why wrapped in misty clouds, embrace,
Our miseries prolong?

Shine out again! our spirits brace,
Come beam with warming glow;
From stricken earth the frost-king chase,
Oh, bid the streamlets flow.

Awake again the slumb'ring earth,
Bid grass and flowers grow,
New life and beauty waiteth birth,
Beneath the frost and snow.

And thou hast power to wake to life
These germs that dormant sleep,
To make the soil with verdure rife,
Small shoots to upward creep.

Aye, even mortal hopes upspring,
With brightness of thy rays.
Thou dost new life and vigor bring,
All nature sings thy praise.

Ah, Sun! thou hast most wondrous power
Thou potentate of Day!—
Created in the primal hour
To chase the gloom away.

Yet we must never fail to own,
A greater power than thine,

Although for aeons thou hast shone,
'Tis through a Will divine.

And I must feel behind each cloud,
Thou dost forever shine,
Though murky darkness may enshroud
This mortal life of mine.

CALLED HOME.

Ambrose Pare! fair and noble!
Dowered with Heaven's rarest charms.
Oh, the pure, ecstatic gladness
When I held him in my arms.

Nothing ever gave more pleasure
Than a look into his eyes.'
Tears assuaged by his sweet presence,
As were banished all my sighs.

Oh, I ne'er could tire in gazing
On his feature's perfect mold;
In their depths such wonder tracing,
None but mothers can behold.

Ah, the thousand little dimples
All could see whene'er he smiled;
All could feel his gentle presence
Though a little infant child.

And if e'er a happy mother
Felt a pride in one she loved,
True 'twas I, though oft I trembled
As by some deep impulse moved.

Yet I knew that he was given
By a Father, ever kind,
As a brilliant beam from Heaven;
To all else my heart was blind.

I never thought, e'en for a moment,
That he might not long remain;
That the One who lends these jewels
Always calls them back again.

* * *

So absorbed with my treasure I scarce can remember
How have passed all the months since that chilly November.
Let me think for a moment, yes, 'twas May-time I know,
When the snow had all melted, and the wind ceased to blow;
All the hills were adorned with fair flowers, trees all green
I'm sure, for these flowers were the first he had seen.

But alas, the bright Springtime was for me, oh so soon
Changed from glory and brightness to darkness and gloom.
From my beautiful babe I was destined to part;
He was snatched from my arms, but not from my heart.
Far too pure for earth's coldness, its sorrow and sin,
Heaven's gate opened for him, he has now passed within.

O that meteor, bright, that illumined my sky,
Soon passed, in its orbit, to realms upon high.
And to be true and faithful, to meet him again,
Is the guerdon I crave for this parting of pain.
Still honor the Father, the great, all-wise Giver,
And join the loved ones near that "Beautiful River."

FRIENDS.

O ye friends of my youth, and of life's later age,
Thy names are inscribed on Time's fitful page,
But indelibly written in letters of gold
On my heart's living tablet that never grows cold.

Though the world grows apace and the cycle of time
Reaps the harvest of age—yes, and those in their prime,
Still enshrined in my soul, with all that is dear,
Are the names of my friends in characters clear.

Ah! these friends are far brighter than jewels I wear,
More precious than diamonds, brilliant and rare,
The very best gifts my Father hath given,
Rare pearls from His presence, descending from heaven.

How dreary the world, e'en with all of its powers,
Its sunshine, its music, and beautiful flowers.
Without a true friend who with magic of love
Refreshes our souls, as the Fountain above
Refreshes our spirits, with infinite peace;
Inspiring us e'er in good works to increase.

THE COMFORTER.

There's a whispering Voice that awakens
The tenderest notes of my heart,
When I think of my friends who are weeping,
I fain would sweet solace impart.

But I realize now, as I linger,
How impotent, feeble and weak
Is the tongue, or the pen of a mortal,
Of comfort to write or to speak.

There's One, and but One who can soothe us,
Can still these deep throbbings of pain,
He who lovingly loaned us His jewels,
And expects them returned back again.

He sent them to brighten our pathway,
As proof of His tenderest love,
He takes them again in His wisdom,
Perhaps to allure us above.

Now in the deep silence of night-tide,
My spirit seems wafted away,
And there comes in the path of my vision
The dawn of a holier day.

When again we shall meet our beloved,
Renewing life's sanctified ties;
Uniting and binding forever
By powers immortal and wise.

God gives as beneficent token
His love and continuous care;
He knows all our thoughts though unspoken,
He hears the oft whispered prayer.

Ah! now with my senses attuning
To heaven's englorified song,
I crave in my fervent communing
God's blessing of Hope to prolong.

All souls to respond to the music—
Sweet echoes of peace from above,
Pure faith in eternal reunion,
Through blessed and ne'er-failing Love.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

"This world is so pretty!" the little child lisps,
As she romps in the hay and plays with its wisps,
The songs of the birds, and the flowers are sweet,
And the green grass is cool and soft for my feet,
While God up in heaven each blessing is giving."

"Life is worth living!" the youth now exclaims,
As he thinks of the future and makes lofty aims;
"I'll try to be good and become wise and great,
Proving faithful and true to my second estate,
And make the world better because of my living."

"Life is worth living!" says the maiden in bliss,
As she bends her fair head for her lover's first kiss.
"The earth is o'er spread with roseate hue,
The world is all love, the sky is so blue!
And never did life seem so much worth the living!"

"Life is worth living!" say husband and wife,
As they walk hand in hand the journey of life;
"We'll share every sorrow and joy as they come,
We will try to bring sunshine into our home,
And to rear sons and daughters worthy of living."

"Yes life is worth living!" the mother replies,
As she looks in the depths of her baby's brown eyes.
"I must polish this jewel and make it so bright
That 'twill shine to the world with radiant light,
And will make all men feel that life is worth living."

"Is life worth the living?" the millionaire said,
As he rose in the morn from his soft, downy bed,
In his palace of grandeur surrounded by wealth,
And all that could add to his comfort or health—
Yet he oft-times, exclaims, "Is life worth the living?"

"Is life worth the living?" the laborer asks,
As he trudges along to his wearisome tasks,
The beauties of nature spread out to his sight;
Often blind to these charms, he feel no delight,
And says in his soul, "Life is not worth the living!"

"Is life worth the living?" the poor pauper cries,
With cravings of hunger and deep smothered sighs!
So little to cheer him, so many desires,
Neglected and weary he often inquires—
The poor, broken spirit!—"Is life worth the living?"

"Is life worth the living?" the epicure yawns,
While the sycophant near him insipidly fawns
With satiated tastes and o'er-clouded brains,
They drink and carouse, with their aches and their pains!
Well indeed may one ask, "Are such lives worth living?"

'Life's not worth the living," the pessimist thinks,
As he finds to what depths humanity sinks,
The dark, cloudy side is all that he sees,
Pain, sickness and sorrow and mental disease,
So he sagely (?) concludes, "Life's not worth the living!"

* * *

"But life is worth living," the optimist writes,
"Every hour is giving the sweetest delights!
This beautiful world has its sunshine and flowers;
And science and art are increasing the powers
Of brain, heart and soul: True life is worth living."
"Yes, life is worth living," the Christian declares
"With all of its trials, its sins and its snares,
For through stern experience wisdom is gained,
A triumph o'er self and the world is obtained,
And men are secured a life everlasting."

"Life is worth living!" are the words that he gave
As he tottered so near to the brink of the grave.
"I've lived ninety years, seen life's "ups" and its "downs,"
But with all of its turmoil, its cares, and its frowns,
I continue to think that life is worth living."
Ah, life's worth the living! though drear it oft seems,
And our seasons of joy are like fast fleeting dreams;
The infinite bliss of a being on earth,
With the exquisite hope of a yet brighter birth!
Help us bear all our cares—and make life worth the living!

OUR PANSY BED.

'Twas only a bed of pansies
With faces upturned to the sun,
But think of the thoughts and fancies
That through my mind now run.

How they throng and crowd upon me,
With their images bright and fair:
My beautiful, brown-eyed Nellie,
And Avelin with golden hair.

Olea fair queenly maiden,
And Ellis my bonny child,
Sweet flowers with love-bloom laden,
Your faces have on me smiled.

"Manly Vance" and dainty Stella,
Staid Loraine, with leaves of white,
Quiet Leith, and noble Willie,
Each comes plainly to my sight.

Julia clothed in brilliant raiment,
Brothers there in sober dress,
And for parents, each had claiment;—
Fondly would their petals press.

Helaine the wise philosopher,
Sedate Celeste, of Mission fame;
How we loved to watch their blooming,
Calling each one by its name.

O heart, be still, throb not so fast,
O fount of tears, burst not thy bound;

In dreaming of the happy past,
Thou'rt treading now on sacred ground!

A FATHER'S LAMENT,

Shadows.

I passed through the vales of the shadows of
Doubt,
There was turmoil within—there was darkness
without,
My heartstrings were riven with sorrow and pain,
For it seemed I had called on my Father in vain!
The saddest of fears that ever oppressed
A poor mortal's heart, and robbed him of rest,
Like funeral robe enveloped my soul—
The tempest breaks o'er me, the surges unroll.

Ah! how can it be that hope, faith and prayer—
That all of the years of tenderest care—
That struggle and effort through long, 'waking
hours,
Could fail to enlist God's infinite powers
To save a beloved one from sorrow to know
And keep him as pure as the white driven snow.
In making him worthy of blessings divine,
Can God fail to hear this petition of mine?

MY HOPE FOR THEE.

I would not wish thee joys alone—
Save joys which come from duties done,
But pray that strength and wisdom's light,
Be ever thine through sorrow's night.
Be thine, in dark temptation's hour,

When evil lures thee with it's power,
Be thine, to make thy spirit true,
Within, without, all sin subdue.
Be thine, to help thee others bless,
To lead mankind to righteousness;
Within thy soul bring bliss supreme,
That passeth not as but a dream;
The joys of holiness, of perfect trust,
Of faith divine in One most just.

A MOTHER.

The very sweetest thing of all
The world that we can ever know,
Sublimest thought that e'er could fall
From lips of mortals here below:
She was a mother true and good,
She reared her children in God's way,s
Her faithful, patient motherhood
Can never gain full need of praise!

GOING HOME.

O home, beloved! my dear, sweet home!
Again to thee in joy I come!
Behold with radiant spirits free,
Thy snow-capped cliffs, thine inland sea,
Thy verdant fields so fresh and green,
O Utah, fair! thou western queen!
My childhood's home, I love thee well.
My heart with loving raptures swell—
While gazing on thy beauties rare,
No place with thee can I compare.
Thy ever flowing, crystal streams,
Reflecting myriad tinted gleams,

Flow through the fertile valleys wide,
With health and plenty to provide.
Thy fragrant flowers and waving trees,
Waft sweetest incense on the breeze,
Which seems to thrill my inmost soul
While coming nearer to my goal;
My goal—my children, love and home!
I'm near to thee—I come! I come!

THREE FLOWERS.

Three little flowers before me smile,
Which I have carried many a mile,
On them such tender care bestowed,
That all the way, their petals glowed
With brightest hues and fragrance, rare,
To recompense my watchful care.

Three little girls from heaven sent,
By God's all-wise, supreme consent!
To me most welcome, precious boon,
As heavenly bars in nature's tune.
As sweetest flowers from soil divine,
Within this wreath of mine to twine.

Three flowers as tokens of their love,
Now cheer me while I sadly rove.
In each, the red, and pink, and white,
I seem to see a smile beam bright—
I feel angelic spirits near—
My inmost soul to soothe and cheer.

YEARNINGS.

Oh! laggard Time, flit on, flit on,
Let all these weary days be gone,
Bring me again to joys of home,
No more, no more in life, to roam,
Where I may feel my pulses warm
With love's exquisite grace and charm.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home tomorrow!
Then to my heart no more will come
This lonliness and sorrow.
For soon around in love will twine
The arms of those who love me,
Affection of sweet children mine—
And heav'n will smile above me.

THE "DEAR" DOCTORS.

Oh, these hard working doctors, pity them well!
Of their strenuous life it is well to tell!
Called here and there with distances wide,
Through sleet and snow they silently ride.
At the midnight hour, though fierce storms rage,
They enter the struggle a life to save!
Through the long, long hours their vigils they keep
With never a thought for food or sleep.
They skillfully strive to do their best
To relieve the pain, bring sleep and rest.

At the time their service quite all outranks,
Yet oft unrequited with even poor thanks!

ELLIS

Oh, could there come from bonny breeze
A breath to give thy spirit ease,
Could perfume of the sweetest flowers
Inhaled by thee, make pleasant hours—
Could skies emit fair sunlit rays
To brighten all thy earthly days,
My love, on pinions light and free
Would bring them all, dear one, to thee.

Could earth yield up her richest wealth,
Could science bring thee strength and health,
Could perfect faith forever live
Through all thy life, its joys to give.
While love supreme—God's tender care
Bring peace divine, beyond compare.
I would invoke these blessings free,
All, all for thee—in love for thee.

O'ER EACH LIFE HE HAS A CARE.

O my children, grow not weary,
In life's constant struggle here,
Though the years bring sorrows, dreary,
Brush away the blinding tear.

Bravely meet the task awaiting,
With a firm, undaunted will,
With a steady arm, unfailing,
Life's pure purpose to fulfill.

Many trials will beset you,
Many burdens you will bear,
But our God will not forget you—
O'er each life he has a care.

CLARA.

No grander dress was ever worn,
No brighter gem could e'er adorn
The form of lovely womanhood,
Than to be pure, and true, and good.

And this is why we love you so,
Because your noble heart we know,
Because we feel, when you are near
Our hearts rebound with hope and cheer.

Our Clara, dear, is fair and true,—
Life's sweetest flowers her path bestrew,
Her gentle ways, and winning grace
Hath won in every heart a place.

JEWELS.

As Thy custodian, O Lord, of jewels rare—
By far more precious than the gems a queen could wear—
In all humility I seek Thy mighty throne,
To plead that unto me my duty may be shown.

These jewels, greatest proof of thine unfailing love,
May I to them a guardian angel prove;

That through my watchful, faithful care, in
Jesus' name,
They may return to Thee as pure as when they
came.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

There is no flock however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no fireside hnw-so-e'er defended
But has one vacant chair.—Longfellow.

Gone from our household to realms of gladness,
Yes, gone to that beautiful shore,
Leaving our hearts bowed down in their sadness.
Because we behold her no more.

Lovely companion, dear, gentle sister,
Father has free'd her from pain;
We who are left—oh, sadly we miss her—
Long for her presence again.

Her sojourn was brief—her mission soon finished,
In a land far brighter than this,
Her powers for good remain undiminished,
Her cup is o'er-flowing with bliss.

No more will she quaff of life's bitter waters,
But feast at ambrosial spring;
While ever and ever sweet amaranth flowers
Their immortal fruitage will bring.

To us there is left an unfading flower
Fond Memory—now, and for aye!

Our sweet little flower in God's rosy bower,
We're awaiting the bright, better day!

* * *

As the perfume of roses still lingers—
As echoes of musical strains—
Like the touch of soft loving fingers
Dear Maggie's sweet presence remains.

GETHSEMANE

We do not know why tears must flow,
Why human hearts must ache and break;
Nor you nor I may ever know
Why men their sacred vows forsake;
Why sorrows come, hearts cold and numb
From wounds so piercing, keen and deep:
Such cruel pain! can e'er we gain
A surcease from the tears we weep?

Hope oft seems flown to the unknown;
Faith: oh, we pray it still live on!
Though all the sweets of life are flown,
Though every other joy is gone,
Though music's notes no longer float
In ecstacy to greet the ear,
Though flower, and tree, and humming bee
Cannot inspire, nor give us cheer,—

Oh, may our trust in Heaven's love
Remain enthroned within the soul!
True worth and worthiness to prove,
Of Father's love, of heaven's goal:
Where all will clearly understand
The whys and wherefores of life's woe,
To comprehend each great command,
God's wondrous Plan to clearly know.

EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

(Read on an occasion)

You ask me now to speak of her,
The one we all love well
As Zion's lady-editor—
That old time story tell.

I really did not choose the theme,
For I would much prefer
To tell the reverent esteem,
I've ever felt for her.

And how, through long, eventful years,
We've honored and revered
The one we truly love and praise
To every heart endeared.

Yet I remember well the time
When she assumed this role,
The songs she wrote in prose and rhyme—
The children of her soul.

How wonderful to us it seemed
That she could do so much;
How truly were her powers esteemed—
Her fine, poetic touch,

That beautified and thrilled each soul
That crossed her daily path;
A nature under God's control,
Inspiring holy faith.

Oh, how our hearts with joy were thrilled,
whene'er the paper came!

Such wondrous things the pages filled—
We loved its potent name.

Exponent of our rights and homes,
Of Zion's sisterhood,
Not all the world's historic tomes,
To us seemed half so good.

And still it tells of woman's hope,
Her noble works and aim,
It gives her talents greater scope—
We honor still its name.

And woman e'er in sweet accord,
In thoughts affection tel's,
For the "EXPONENT" has a word,
In love for E. B. Wells.

AN INCENTIVE.

If one were alone in this world without friend,
What use would there be with it's ills to contend;
What incentive to work if no loving one
Could smile and "God bless you," and say," 'Tis well done."
As selfish, indeed, as the world seems to be,
Very few live for self—we plainly can see.

A WANDERER.

No home! no spot on earth to call my own,
No hearth with brightening glow,
Where I can list to love's sweet tone
Away from worldly cant and show.

No home! where I can e'er extend
My hospitality to guest
Or friend. No home! where I can wend
My weary way for peace and rest.

No shelt'ring roof, no soft and restful bed
Where tired limbs may find repose,
Where heart and brain and aching head
Are sheltered from the wind that blows.

O God, in love! in mercy from above,
Send solace to thy wandering child!
Heart desolation, pray remove—
Still, still these yearnings fierce and wild!

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

If winds and flowers and trees could speak,
If voice could come from ocean's deep,
If words could flow from out the skies,
Or echoes from the earth arise;
Nor flower, nor tree, nor earth, nor sea,
Could fully tell my love for thee.
'Tis only Love, divine, can teach—
Or angel whisper that can reach
Into the portals of thy heart,
My soul's devotion to impart.

My love for thee I know is more
Than heart hath ever known before!
For oh, round thee I always find
The tendrils of my heart entwined;
So much I see to waken love,
And life's most sacred impulse move:

Thy wealth of soul, thy wining grace,
The loving light upon thy face,
So good and true, so dear to me—
My heart o'er-flows with love for thee.

My love is dancing on the breeze,
The birdlings sing it in the trees.
Each branch and vine this incense breathes—
The flowers my love a garland wreathes;
Bright azure skies in ecstacy
Reflect my love, my love for thee.
And surely in the courts above
The angels know how much I love.
My love you know by every test!
E'en now, 'tis only half expressed!

THE ESCALANTIAN MOUNTAINS.

In the vales of Escalanta
  Where the tall and stately pines
Rear to azure skies their branches
  Mid a wealth of clustering vines,
Here I pen these simple verses
  With my heart o'er fraught with love,
With contending, human passions,
  Fluttering as imprisoned dove.

Duty! stern, relentless duty,
  Calls me thither on my way,
Far from home, and love and beauty—
  Dearest ones for whom I pray.
In the Escalantian Mountains
  Are the spruce, and pine and fir,

Rearing high toward heaven their branches,
Till we scarce can see them stir.

Oh, their sighing mid the mountains
Finds an echo in my heart,
And my tears, like living fountains
From my eyes, unbidden, start! ,
Ah, my soul is ever yearning
For the touch of gentle hands,
Tender thought is ever turning
To the loved of other lands.

Waving branches, towering mountains,
Catch the message wafted now,
Catch the kisses I am sending,
Take them, on each tremb'ling bow;
Let them echo and re-echo,
O'er the Escalantian chain,
That the prayers for my beloved,
May not leave my lips in vain.

ONE GREAT LOVE.

The strength of love, of One Great Love!
We feel it everywhere—in every breath of air,
In all the powers which live or move.

In that supremest sacrifice
That gave our Savior birth—that sent Him to this earth
To live to die for other lives.

His love and life immortalized!
For us reward untold—our blessings manifold,
Through this true Friend thus sacrificed!

Ah, child of earth, be strong! be brave!
How can we ever fail, or hesitate, or quail!
Think! Jesus died mankind to save.

LINES.

Now for every pain and sorrow,
And for every fault o'er-come,
Recompense will surely follow,
God will pour the healing balm.

ALONE.

Again I walk the paths where parents dear—
My brothers, sisters, true, were wont to tread.
I cannot check the quickly falling tear,
For those beloved ones are gone! 'Tis said,
That they are dead! But oh, I truly know
They live! Live now in realms of endless light!
Alas, how little now is left to show,
The comforts of our childhood's home so bright.

A home where only gentle tones were heard,
Where sweet obedience was won by love:
By meaning glance without an unkind word,
Did parents tender love and wisdom prove.
But now I wander here, their child, alone,
No one to greet me with a fond caress,
No kindred hand to fondly press my own,
Or dry the falling tears of lonliness.

TO HAVE IT SAID.

To have it said that through all time
We e'er were faithful to each trust,

Our love and sympathy sublime,
Our judgment merciful and just:
That we as valiant sons of God,
Had proven faithful through life's years;
E'er patient 'neath the chastening rod,
And trusted on through blinding tears:
To have it said when life is done,
That we were pure, and true, and good—
What glorious laurels to have won,
What perfect cause for gratitude!

MY FATHER.

Adown the flitting seasons, sweet memories appear,
Every year I love you more, my own, kind father, dear.
I long to see your face, to hear your loving voice
As in the dear, old days! how my spirit would rejoice!
How very strange that I should be so far from you,
Our meetings with each other so brief, so very few;
For in my tender youth you were always by my side,
Beloved and faithful father, truest friend and guide.
How oft when childish sorrows would make me sad, and cry,
Within your arms enfolded, you kissed my eyelids dry.
Then with ingenious changes you caused me to forget
That e'er my heart was saddened, or eyes with tears were wet.

Out on the river's bank, and among the stately trees,
Watching circling ripples and myriad quiv'ring leaves,
List'ning to the singing bird hovering 'round its nest—
Such soothing words of comfort, I've ne'er since heard expressed.

How little did I dream, as we walked that sunny road,
That you'd not e'er be with me to help me bear life's load.
And that when you grew old, and I was large and strong,
I'd not be near to help you, on that journey, bleak and long.
That miles would intervene, and years would pass away
Without the sight of your dear face I saw then every day.
Oh, well it is that we the future cannot know,
Foresee the tests and trials—all needed here below.

Our Father, in His wisdom, hath drawn a mystic veil,
So we get but tempting glimpse of the future's winding trail;
He understands our needs—He will give us strength to bear
All the pleasures and the changes, all life's trials pain and care.
And through it all He, too, hath given us the power

To cultivate, to rear one bright, immortal flower:
That blessed boon to mortals descending from above,
Unwavering faith in Heaven—in God's unchang;-ing Love.

And my love for you, dear father, can never know a change;
'Twill blossom as the flowers, though on soil unknown and strange.
Example of my parents, life's rarest diadem,
More precious and resplendent than earth's supremest gem!
Oh, may the choicest blessings High Heaven can bestow—
The sweetest, best of earth—to my honored father flow!
Then with our souls perfected, when our trials all are o'er,
We'll know and love each other, on that bright and farther shore.

ANNA.

The music of this name brings peace and rest
Far sweeter than the heart hath e'er expressed;
This precious name my angel mother bore
Before she passed to heaven's distant shore.
The name I've heard my Father tenderly repeat--
Which other lips ne'er uttered half so sweet,
This cherished name, englorified by love,
The finest tendrils of my soul doth move.
Oh, in that happy day when we shall meet,

With sacred ties of life made all complete,
Celestialized by love's eternal flame,
She'll answer then to Anna, sweetest name!

OUR VISITOR FROM MERCY'S THRONE.

Our little one that is to come,
Our treasure-trove from heavenly sphere,
Dear visitor from mercy's throne
With messages of sacred cheer:
Your coming lifts from worldly care,
While every chord in Nature's tune
Vibrates in one thanksgiving prayer
To know we'll have our darling soon!
Thou chosen spirit of the Light,
Our hearts are tender now with love,
Our erstwhile cares have taken flight—
Transports of joy our heartstrings move!

THE PIONEER.

Oft in sermon, song and story, hear, we, of the pioneers—
How our sires won lasting glory, writ in blood, in graves, and tears.
Exiles for the Truth's sake were they, far from plenty, peace and home,
Leaving all for cause most worthy, in the wilderness to roam.

Days, and weeks, and months they traveled, over hill and barren plain,

Driving lean and hungry oxen, toiling on in hope and pain,
Trav'ling far in midnight hushes grass and water to obtain;
Alkali, and scanty rushes often in the end to gain.

They were led by inspiration as the dreary plains they trod,
Western shores their destination, where they hoped to worship God
Unmolested; and protected by the mountain bulwarks grand—
They this soil, so long neglected, would subdue with hardy hand.

These long days were not all sad ones, for there often came a time
When their hearts were light and gladsome, fraught with feelings most sublime.
For in converse oft they'd gather round the campfire's ruddy glow,
Singing songs in faith together, light of Heaven's smile to know.

Hope was bright within their bosoms, they were searching for a land
Seen in clear, prophetic vision, past the desert's burning sand,
Where the great Dead Sea was laving lonely shores with saline spray—
There the Gospel, everlasting, could send forth salvation's ray.

THE MAGPIE.

She comes to my window as soon as it's dawn
To pick up each scattering crumb.
I hear her cute chirp, and then she is gone
With breakfast for all of her young.

You shy, little magpie, why don't you come
near,
Be friendly with me now I pray;
Just give me a word, my spirits to cheer,
And I will throw crumbs every day.

Perhaps you may think you're too busy to
wait—
To loiter at work or at play.
I know, little bird, your labors are great,
But with mine, compare them today.

I have birdlings at home—indeed, so have you,
For whom we must both now find food;
My duties are many—yours are but few,
Though these words may seem to you rude.

I know, little guest, you don't understand—
One least, little word I have said,
Or you would come close and eat from my hand
And all of your birdies be fed!

But of you, little bird, I must not complain,
For I, too, am busy each hour,
So much here to do, such objects to gain,
With only a mortal's weak power.

I have hardly time to be civil, I know,
To those who would like to be friends;
So much there's to do by all here below
To accomplish our ambitious ends.

OLEA

My Damask Rose.

Olea, dear, sweet child of mine,
Though far away I roam,
My tender thought and prayers entwine
Around thee, dear,—'round thee and home!

In fancy now I see thy face,
With soul-lit eyes and arching brow,
In whose fair lineaments I trace
The Master's touch divine, e'en now.

In fancy, too, I see thee move
About our home in helpfulness,
And by your self-denial prove
The power you have to cheer and bless.

And in imagination, too,
I hear thy sweet, angelic voice,
That in life's anthem e'er rings true—
That make my inmost soul rejoice.

I hear the sweet, soft, soothing strains
Thy magic touch doth cause to swell,
In sweet, melodious refrains,
The love of God and man to tell.

O darling, on this natal day
I feel thy presence very near;

Our souls commune—I hear thee say:
"I love you, love you, mother, dear!"

And I, in turn, enfold thee close,
And whisper fondly in thine ear:
"I love you, fairest human rose,
I love you tenderly, my dear!"

ENCOMPASSED BY THEE.

These small bits of net, of bead and chiffon
You sent with your love, my neck to adorn,
I will wear for your sake, and imagine the while
That I hear your dear voice, and see your sweet smile.
I will feel the soft touch of your lips on my face,
Sense the pressure, sublime, of your loving embrace,
Encircling my neck 'twill tell me most true,
How the best in my life is encompassed by you.
Among the great proofs that Father loves me,
I find every day, sweet darling, in thee!

THE WIFE TO BE.

Twilight hours of blissful dreaming,
Dawning hopes of future bliss,
Since beneath the moonlight gleaming,
I received my lover's kiss.
When we plighted to each other
Sacred vows of tender love,
Confident that ne'er another
E'er could such devotion prove.

Ah! it seems a bright, bright vision
Full of love and joy divine,
Sweetest foretaste of elysium,—
This awakened love of mine!
But there comes now, as I ponder,
Glimpses of my coming life,
I will be a "girl" no longer
I'll be soon a wedded wife.

Through this day I'm thoughtful—dreaming
Girlish dreams of future joy,
Hopes are o'er my pathway beaming,
Hopes that seem without alloy.
Single joys will come no more
In the future of my life,
Girlish dreaming now is o'er
For I'm soon to be a wife.

Ah, it seems a fleeting dream
Since upon the bridge I stood
Of that bright and bubbling stream
Spanning girl and woman-hood!
Springtime days so free from care,
With the sweetest pleasures rife,
Now I good or ill must share
For I'm soon to be a wife.

Now I'll learn to live for him,
I will share his weal or woe,
Though his star of hope grow dim,
Or his sun of life sink low!
By his side I must be found
Through the fitful scenes of life:
Though the shadows hover 'round,
I must be a faithful wife.

With beating heart on bended knee
I pray; most earnestly implore
My Father's care of him and me,
Upon this voyage just before.
There opens to my quav'ring view
A white, unwritten page of life!
Oh, may I my full duty do,
And ever prove a faithful wife.

ANOTHER PARTING.

O my darling, I will miss you
Every moment while you roam;
How I'll long to fondly kiss you—
How I'll yearn for you at home!

Dearest, may the paths you travel
Be o'er-strewn with sweetest flowers,
May sweet faith, and hope, and comfort
Ever bring you happy hours.

Bring you friends to love and honor,
Friends most loyal, kind and true;
Bring you health, and peace, and plenty,
True success in all you do.

AU-REVOIR.

Good bye, my son, thou'rt speeding on,
Away from kindred, friends and home.
Each hour takes thee farther still,
To do thy Father's righteous will.
O'er desert paths, o'er sea's light foam,
Afar in foreign lands to roam:

You there will speak in foreign tongue
The words of truth to old and young.

May holy light around thee shine,
To fill thy soul with peace divine!
And blessings, true, on thee bestow
To help thee all thy duty know;
Inspire thy soul and guide thy feet
To honest hearts who may thee greet,
Receive the message thou dost bring
In words you speak and hymns you sing.

May Father open wide His store
Of inspiration's precious lore
To aid and lead and cheer each day,
Is what we humbly, fondly pray.
And when the fruitful years have flown,
In honor may you safely come
To dwell with those who love you here
No more to shed the parting tear.

CLINGING TENDRILS.

You ask for a prize, the most precious I know,
That mortal could e'er on another bestow:
You ask me to give what is dearer than life
My child to be your companion—your wife.

Her tender affection already you've won,
But will you e'er love her as mother has done?
Oh, can you, and will you as tenderly shield
This treasure that I so reluctantly yield?

My darling! the sunbeam that brightens each
hour
My faith, hope and home with filial dower.
You plead for the right to make her your own,
But what will life be when my birdling hath
flown?

My daughter whom no one on earth could e'er
gain
Were it not for the blessings she thus may
obtain.
In giving, God knows how my heartstrings doth
bleed—
Such sacrifice, He in His wisdom decreed!

LINES.

How little we know the heart of another,
How oft we misjudge the intent of a brother.
A stranger or friend has often offended,
Because we knew not just what they intended.

THE RAINBOW.

O lovely bow of radient hue,
Through rain and mist and falling dew
I see thy colors peeping through.
The sunbeams, too, now shine behind;
What comfort in this thought I find!
What mem'ries of the past unwind!

O beauteous bow, thy gorgeous glow
Awakes desire and hope to know
God's mysteries above—below!

LINES.

O star of the morn! O sun of the dawn!
With midnight and darkness and weariness gone,
Bright promise of Heaven to cheer night and day
Reminder that Father is with me alway.

THANKSGIVING CHEER.

In the golden autumn 'neath the ruddy glow
Of the morning sunbeams, gentle zephyrs blow;
Rustling leaves are falling, fluttering here and there
Like birds of brilliant plumage flying through the air.

Happy little children in their blithesome glee,
Chase these sprightly phantoms—spirits just as free!
While the sturdy farmer gathers in his store—
Red and rosy apples on the cellar floor.

Ready for the season when the earth is white,
Hearts and homes made cheery all the winter's night;
Peace and plenty, faith and love melt the frozen days,
While hearts, with true thanksgiving, over-flow with praise.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

May the peace of Christ our Savior,
Shed its incense in each heart,
For His love, above all others,
Greatest blessings will impart.
He hath made all nations kindred,
By His sacrifice divine—
Lightened oft life's weary burdens,
Lifted even thine and mine.
May His presence now at Yuletide
Every Christmas joy increase,
Bringing hope, and faith unfailing,
To thy heart and home, sweet peace.

* * *

Most fond and loving memories
Awake for you this Christmas tide,
With tender heartfelt sympathies,
Fond prayers for all that's good, beside.

* * *

May the peace of Christ our Savior
Every Christmas joy augment
Mellowing with sacred gladness
Filling hearts with sweet content.

FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

Sweet echoes of exquisite gladness
Are borne on the wings of the wind,
Dispelling all feelings of sadness
Awaking emotions most kind.

Sweet message of love ever ringing
Throughout all the ages of time,

As on wings of the wind softly bringing
God's token of mercy sublime.

In feathery flakes softly falling,
Again in the dash of the wave,
We hear His dear voice gently calling:
My children be faithful and brave.

I am near thee in all thy distresses
Through tempests and torrents of rain—
Though Sorrow's stern hand rudely presses
Thy soul with affliction and pain.

The arms of My love fold around thee,
To strengthen thy powers to bear,
The tempter to never confound thee—
My own I will keep in My care.

OPPOSITES.

No; we ne'er find bliss that's perfect
In this mortal, mundane sphere:
Every rose has thorns to mar it,
Joy is followed by a tear.
Sweets make bitter draughts more bitter—
Storms make sunshine all the fitter—
God makes chastened lives more noble
When we meekly bear life's trouble.

THE HOME-MADE VALENTINE.

Let sweethearts boast of bliss supreme
They find in love's exquisite dream,

I'm sure there's none can equal mine,
In reading this dear valentine.

The hearts and flowers, and butterflies,
The Cupids, too, with smiling eyes,
And best of all the written words, '
More music breathes than songs of birds.

Sweet, living flowers, too, entwine
This precious, home-made valentine;
Expressing prayers for happiness,
My daily life to cheer, to bless.

This token from my little girls,
Is dearer than the wealth of worlds!
Their love, more sweet than any other;
This love of children for their mother!

NURSE-CLASS SONG.

Come all ye weary invalids, of every name and age,
Please give us your attention our services engage!
We'd surely like to heal you and all your ills assuage,
And leave you all with strong and healthy bodies!

Chorus:
Hurrah! hurrah! for the one who brought us through!
Hurrah! hurrah! to our duty we'll be true!
We'll give you a "placebo" and pure, hot water too--
With latest chiropactic treatment.

Have you gout or anorexia, or neurasthenia, grave,
Call Doctors Brown and Peterson, they're skillful
kind and brave,
They'll give you oxytoxics and bromides, too,
to save—
Insomnia, it now afflicts so many.

If it is an adontalgia, or teeth that make you
shout,
Dr.'s Davidson and Jacobson both know what
they're about,
They'll give an anaesthetic and get the roots all
out—
Oh, chloroform's the greatest boon to mortals!

If apoplexey threatens, and your lids begin to
drop,
Drs. Borrowman and Holden will surely wake
you up,
Drs. Cheny, Larsen, Wilson are coming in a group
To drive the strepticoccus from the valley.

Drs. Mikesell, Hamlin, Beezley, with tenderness
and skill,
Are waiting here to give you a diuretic pill,
With armamentarium all duties will fulfill,
While sweetest music follows in their footsteps.

We've Dr. Lizzie Curtis and Mary Swensen, too,
With strict hygenic measures, your ailments will
subdue,
With cleanliness most scrupulous, and antiseptics
too—
Bacteria and microbes flee before them.

And if a threatened hemorrhage, grave symptoms will arise,
Send quick for Dr. Humble, she'll freeze it up with ice,
Contract, and use hot water—the latest best advice,
Avoiding drugs and other doubtful measures.

If bachelors are troubled with affections of the heart,
Have either epistaxis, or burns and scalds that smart,
Drs. Hatch and Henry will make their heart-throbs start
With potent skill and tactus eruditus.

One thing is very certain, you must mind your "P's and Q's,"
These skillful country doctors you never must abuse:
They'll take their antiseptics and run without their shoes
To save you from attacks of dread eclampsia.

TO SMILE.

It's worth your while, my dear, to smile!
To look stern duty in the face;
To bravely bear life's weight of care,
Let hope and joy take sorrow's place.

Then cultivate a happy state!
Just kindly smile and pass it on.

Like ocean's wave the shores to lave
When weary weeks or years are gone.

Then smile, my dear, impart good cheer
With hope and faith, and trust and love!
'Twill quell each fear, staunch rising tear,
Bring peace and blessing from above.

Smile! smile each day, chase gloom away,
Your laugh like vibrant echo ring!
Unending chain, 'twill come again
To your own soul true joy to bring!

TRUE SYMPATHY.

Some think that only the joyous and free
Can comfort the sad and oppressed.
And often they may, with their frolicsome glee,
Impart to the weary ones rest,
And for a short time
Make them forget that their eyes have been wet,
While they hear the merry voice chime.

But, oh! there's a magic we feel in the hand
That silently presses our own!
Although not a word there be at command,
Our hearts to each other have flown:
Our spirits commune,
And silently tell what both know so well,
That sorrow must come to all soon.

With the grasp of the hand, and the tears that fall,
We feel the sweet solace of love;
Try meekly to bow to our wise Master's call,
When our loved ones are taken above,
For others remain
For whom we must live, and unto them give
The love and care that duty may claim.

The blithesome and bright, light-hearted and gay
May allure our sad hearts for a while,
And e'en cause the darkness to flit all away,
Bring back to our faces a smile!
But those who best know
Have tasted the draught! to the dregs, sorrow quaffed—
These can best comfort souls in their woe!

A REVERIE.

I stood in the fair Mesa Valley
'Neath palm-tree and clustering vine,
Entranced with the beauties of nature,
My soul very near the divine!
With orange groves breathing their fragrance,
Sweet roses exhaling their sweets,
The chirping of birds in the branches,
All making earth's gladness complete.

My being was thrilled with the splendor,
My soul over-powered with awe!

To the world and its bliss I surrendered—
To Heaven's superior law.
Now e'en while I lingered there, musing,
A glorious mantle was spread
O'er the world—a halo diffusing,
As if promise to those that are dead.

That glow which diffuses at sunset,
Ere shadows of night shroud the earth,
Those soft, mellow mists of the twilight
Assure of new day, and new birth.
Our hearts keep time in perfection
To nature's sweet, rythmical song,
We dwell on the great benediction—
Oh, could we the vesper prolong!

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.

Has some one climbed the ladder reaching to Success,
And drawn it with him far into the skies,
The reason 'tis so hard to find true happiness,
That bravest effort fails how'er one tries!

Thus moaned the wearied soul with troubled care beset,
With hopes, like fallen leaves, strewn all around;
Who had so oft life's fiercest disappointments met,
His cup of nectar rudely dashed upon the ground.

Hush! hush! sad heart, just pause, look up, and think apace!

What hath thy purpose been? in whom thy trust?
Dost thou on earthly joys thy fond affections place?
Dost thou forget that God is merciful and just?

If we had realized our hopes and vain desires,
Were all our efforts here crowned with success,
If we had reached to what mere man aspires,
Would we then know a perfect happiness?

No! not if all Golconda's wealth lay at out feet,
And worldly pomp and pride should yield their store,
We cannot reach the topmost round of joys complete,
Without the light of Truth to guide to heaven's shore!

THE DIFFERENCE.

When a son, with wild abandon,
Leaves his home and all who love,
Thoughts and actions all at random,
In the cold, strange world to rove,—
Sorrowful that anxious mother,
Sad that father, sister, brother.

When a son leaves home in honor,
With the sparkle in his eye
Of a pure and holy purpose,
With a mission grand and high,--
Oh, how grateful is that mother,
Happy father, sister, brother.

MY GALAXY OF STARS.

Athwart the zenith of my sky
Bright, twinkling lights appear:
Blest children of our God on high,
To Him—to me—so dear:
And each one has a precious name
Emblazoned in my heart;
There beams a bright, undying flame
Of every thought a part.

Dear Bard, sweet Elna, head the list,
Our Walmar coming soon,
And Ruth whose cheeks ten summers kissed;
Then namesake of the moon:
Olea, fair and beauteous beam.
No brighter lights e'er glowed
Like gleamings in a limped stream
To 'luminate life's road.

Then Ellis comes, our winsome child,
And sturdy Burt, grandson,
Wee Nellie-woman, sweet and mild,
Fair Clara, stately one;
Sweet Alice, rosy princess now,
Dear John with thoughts so wise,
Queen Josephine with classic brow,
And Reynold's, "speaking-eyes."

Another Ellis joins my dears,
So beautiful and sweet,
Then darling Winston's star appears
To make life's joys complete.
And coming down the ancient line
Of generations past

Is Danna great-grand child of mine.
In heart not least—though last.

Now gazing into boundless space
Yet myriad lights appear,
Approaching toward my yearning gaze,
I hope they're coming here.
These children fair, grandmother's pride!
Exceeding light of Mars!
They'll glorify the world, beside—
My galaxy of Stars!

WONDERFUL ILLS.

We doctors meet oftimes such WONDERFUL ills!—
For which Mr. Patient wants "sure cure" pills.
There was one patient said she had "gastric guitar;"
Another, who came from a distance afar,
Said her poor, little daughter had Saint Viper's Dance,
And another with cancer she wanted to lance.
Some have "ammonia" and "cough on the lungs"
With "hickup" and "bee-hives" and even the "stungs"!

Some in the "abominable region" they say
Have an ache or a pain they can't charm away.
And often the very worst troubles we find
To exist not in fact, but in dear patient's mind!
All people should study the laws of good health,
For 'twill prove through their lives more precious than wealth!
No science in life can begin to compare
With a knowledge of self—for it best how to care!

THE CIRCLET OF HEAVEN.

How puny and weak comes man to this world!
As frail as the wing of a bird yet unfurled;
Dependent on Him who must measure his soul,
Each impulse, desire and thought to control.

God gives to us life and the power of thought,
He opens the vaults where life's treasures are sought,
He touches the spring and its beauties are shown
He gives us the power to make them our own.

This beautiful world! its music and flowers,
Its picturesque scenes, its vine-covered bowers,
Our bright, cosy homes, and our friends good and true,
Are earth's dearest treasures for me and for you.

Even seasons of rain bringeth wealth to our soil
Increasing our stores while decreasing our toil,
But the holiest boon our Father hath given
Is love, tender love, the circlet of heaven.

Then why should humanity, fickle and weak,
Seek to aggrandize self, and vain honors seek?
The pomp of this world, all its glory and pride,
May elude our firm grasp, and flit from our side.

But Truth will endure, while time takes its flight,
It will live, still undimmed by tarnish or blight,
And man will progress to a sanctified goal,
Because in his breast is an immortal soul.

THE BABY.

Darling little cherub, only one year old!
Sweet and fair and lovely, and "just as good as gold"!
Never brighter sunbeam ever came to earth,
Shedding joy and sunshine ever since its birth;
Making home a heaven by its winsome smile,
With its baby prattle all our cares beguile.

First a cooing music—mothers understand—
Then the reaching forth of its little hand.
Smiles of recognition greeted there our eyes—
"Mama"—"papa"—"baby", sounded sweet and wise.
Heaven bless our treasure, binding heart to heart,
Making of this world the brightest, sweetest part.

OVER THE SEA—

(ECHO OF THE SEA-SHELL*)

Over the sea, her voice comes back to me!
From Laura Lee, over the sea!
Whispering softly each tender word,
The sweetest love-song ever heard.
The rolling sea breathes tenderly,
"I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my dear."
This parting, fond sweetheart, is but for a year—
Oh, my heart is breaking of love for thee;
Thou'rt truest and fairest of all, Laura Lee!
Tell her the message with every wave;
I love her, and pray that she may be brave!
Tell my love this, O sea, with a kiss!

*For the "echo" read up, beginning with the bottom line.

AGNES.

A queenly, stately form, a finely chiseled face,
Her every movement poised with perfect grace.
So fair to look upon, so modest and refined,
With all the wealth of spirit, heart and mind combined.

A lover of the beautiful! and in her home,
Her rare, aesthetic taste and art are shown
To make it truly home, her ever fond desire
To kindle bright the flame of love's undying fire.

As wife and mother, no casual eye can know
The wealth of tender, perfect love her heart can show:
Devotion to this trust, her constant ruling power.
Unfailing at her post through life's oft trying hour,

And she hath grown into each inmost deep recess
Of all our hearts and lives, our souls to cheer and bless—
Entwined herself by strongest, golden bands of love
With all the joys of life, with all the hopes above!

FLOWERS.

O flowers, dear flowers, cling close to my heart—
Earth's stars of exquisite beauty.
And while you the sweetest of fragrance impart,
I'll reflect upon love, faith and duty.
Thy presence for aye, inspires with joy,
You make of earth an Elysium;
Uplift me beyond all care and despond,
Transport me, sweet flowers, to heaven.

THE SILVER GREYS.

Hail! veterans of the early days!
Our honored sires, the Silver Greys!
With tottering steps, and forms now bent,
With youthful hope and vigor spent;
We honor you for sterling worth!
True, honest souls!—"the salt of earth"!
Each name in radiant light appears,
Ye faithful, valiant pioneers!
God bless you in declining hours;
Inspire your hearts with quick'ning pow'rs
To see beyond the sombre veil
Of death. The Silver Grays, all hail!

CALLED HOME.

Ah! ruthless time! remorseless, cruel Death!
Alas, with wanton hand thou'st snapped the chords
Of precious life! Thou'st stilled the vital breath
Of one most tenderly beloved. Whose words
Were sweetest music in my youthful years,
Whose gentle guidance, tender as a woman's, was;
With truest sympathy soothed sadest tears;
Whose praise was more than all the world's applause.

My father, dear! Oh! can it really be
I am bereft of thy mild, fostering care?
That never more again in life I'll see
Thy face, nor feel thy love beyond compare?—
Thy life, so noble, free from earthly guile,
Example to thy children e'er will be!
Thy patient love, thine approbating smile,
Are beacon lights to us eternally.

SOON.

We're going soon, we're going soon,
We're hast'ning onward to the tomb;
We now have passed life's sunlit noon,
The tide will bring, some joy, some gloom—
We're drifting onward to the tomb!

We're passing on, we're passing on,
Life's earnest work is nearly done;
We almost see the heavenly dawn,
Our mortal race is almost run—
Of earthly pleasures, most are gone!

In blessed hope we look beyond,
In faith the soul for rest now longs;
We sever every earthly bond,
We're listening to celestial songs—
Angelic voices now respond!

"Come on, come on, we wait thee here,
To place the laurel on thy brow;
No more thine eyes will shed life's tear,
Eternal peace we give thee now,
Rejoice thou in celestial sphere!

FRIENDS.

'Tis sweet to be remembered
By the friends of long ago,
To feel their presence near us,
Renew life's waning glow;
To feel the warmth of friendship,
So true, through all these years,
They've not succumbed to testing
Through weight of trials and tears.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee at morn, when flowers are bright
with dew,
When o'er yon hill the sun mounts in the sky so
blue.
I think of thee at noon, when earth and sea and
sky
Bathed in the glinting sun, bespeaketh love on
high.

I think of thee at eve, when gentle zephyrs sigh,
When in my rosy bower, I feel thy presence nigh;
Throughout the long, still night, bright dreams
my fancies fill,
Yet, yet at morning's light I'm dreaming of thee
still.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

MILFORD

The marriage vow, most sacred pledge by mortals
made!
Not like the flow'r that blooms to blush and fade,
Not like the sun that clouds will shut from view,
Nor like the stars that brighter lights obscure.
'Tis not like dew upon the lily's cheek,
Nor idle vows the young and thoughtless speak.
This contract, if we will, is bound and sealed
By sacred rite which God himself revealed.
When man and woman thus are joined as man
and wife,
They know 'tis written in the Book of Life
Not only "until death shall part, be bound"—
But ever ONE through time's increasing round:
Through countless ages of Eternity,
They will, if faithful, still united be!

THE LIFE CELESTIAL.

Hawley Coat of Arms.

PRELUDE—MEDITATION.

Celestial Life—the Life Eternal: Joy! Peace!
Heaven!
That "Better World!" that "Unknown Shore"
to which we tend!
Eternal Home of God—of man the Hope! Is't
given
Us to know to what fair Goal our human lives
extend?

And is it I, my very self therein shall dwell?
This rough, unpolished clay with all its frailities!
Where music's waves in glorious anthems swell,
Can mortal voices join such heavenly melodies?

It surely is this self-same self we know so well,
This innate spark of life which ever will endure;
'Gainst any other thought our natures must rebel.
Through living faith we shall eternal life secure.

But not until refining fire hath made the test,
And earth hath been redeemed from sin and
purified,
When selfish man shall cease to love himself the
best,
Then shall we share the glories of the sanctified.

When we have self o'ercome and broke tradition's
chain,
When with implicit faith our all we consecrate,
Then will the pure in heart the better life obtain,
Forever more to dwell in worlds immaculate.

Will not there come a time when but one creed
there'll be?
When all shall come to one great shrine, with
bended knee,
With contrite, humble heart with pliant, yielding
will,
All seeking for the truth, God's purpose to
fulfill?
And should not we as children of the same
great Sire,
Have but one Lord, one Faith, one great and
good desire?

THE AWAKENING.

"Ah, tell me, tell me, Harold, dear,"
A maiden said in anxious fear,
"Dost thou believe as thou hast said?
Or is it rather not instead,
But just my constancy to test,
You have such sentiments expressed?"

" 'Tis true! as I have said, dear Grace,
Thy charming voice, thy lovely face—
Thy queenly bearing, sweet repose,—
The wealth of mind thy words disclose,
Make up my heaven, here below—
Is all the God I'll ever know."

"What said Grace, spell o'er you is wrought,
To fill you with such lithesome thought,
Ah, no! thrice no! it cannot be!

You are too true to flatter me;
You surely cannot think 't will please,
To sing my praise and then to tease"

"No, Grace, beloved of my soul,
Thou art my queen thou dost control,
My heart, my brain, my very life,
My all!—thou art to be my wife!
Yes, all the joys of any worth
I'll ever find are on this earth."

"Fine, fairy tales may pacify
Small children when they fret and cry,
Those pictures, bright, you love to paint,—
That paradise for faithful saint—
In but your fancy have a place;
They are not real, my darling Grace."

"In worldly lore I am too learned,
I've studied science and discerned
The fickleness of church and creed,
And in the scriptures, too, I read
Of vengeful deeds, of blood stained rod;
No, no; I want not such a God."

"Oh! Harold! could I but have died,
Before to me you'd thus replied—
Yet, not to die—no, I must live!
And all my future life I'll give
In prayer for thee, beloved one!
I'll cling and plead till life is done."

"In faith I'll go before the Lord,
My fervent prayers He will reward,
Within my soul, prophetic thrill
My inmost being, seems to fill:

Though it may be through death and strife,
You'll gain at last Celestial life."

"And, Harold, though it rends my heart,
I now must say to you, depart!
Though days be drear and heart shall break,
I cannot sacred vows forsake;
My very life I'd give for you,
But to my God, I must be true."

" 'T would be a wrong to you, to me,
And e'en to our posterity;
For strife and discord soon would reign,
And bring to us more lasting pain
Than parting now. Oh, may it be,
The light of Truth you soon will see."

"Dear Grace, if only I could deem
You jest with me!—my life, my queen!
But no, the truth beams in thine eye,
I hear it in that smothered sigh—
I feel it in each earnest word,
And all my inmost soul is stirred."

"On sacred themes you never jest—
Alas, my love, you have expressed
The thought which brings the keenest woe,
In all my life that I could know.
The only hope I had is gone,
Ah, shall I ever see the dawn?"

"To you my heart is true," she said,
"But right must mark my course: instead
Of adding to this blighting cross,
And making ours unending loss,
I must, with faith and diligence,
Seek Heaven's wise intelligence."

"You chide me not, my lover, brave,
In all our past you never gave
Me aught but loving tenderness.
Ah, surely, God, such love will bless!
And from your heart all doubt remove,
Bring sacred faith and saintly love."

"If light does come, angelic maid,
'Twill be through words which thou hast said;
'T will be thy constant love, thy prayer,
That from my mind these doubts can tear.
Thy presence, pure, e'en now doth give
A glimmering hope that God doth live."

He pressed her hand; no more he said;
And soon his step's reluctant tread,
Was but an echo in her heart.
Then quickly, too, the teardrops start,
As from her heart a fond prayer came—
Her refuge in all hours of pain:

O Father, with thy light illume
Each dark recess;—dispel all gloom!
Oh, let Thy holy spirit flow,
Like oil upon this wave of woe;
In tenderness his grief control,
Oh, bring conviction to his soul!

Narrative.

Grace Kent, an only child, was very young
Upon the cruel world an orphan, thrown.
From infancy she'd never known the love

Of parents, fond, but had to look above
For all her aid. Instinctively she'd learned
A sweet, implicit faith, and had discerned
So early in her life that Love, divine,
Round which each impulse of her soul did twine.

Though dire misfortunes round her fell like rain,
The shrine of peace she'd never sought in vain;
For she in early life had learned to know
The balm for every grief—for every human woe,
So early had her nature learned to lean
On God and self, she'd found a peace, serene.
An earnest, independent train of thought
Had, therefore, to her mind rare treasures brought

Called beautiful by those who knew her best,
All fell beneath her sway—unconscious rule,
By which, impulsively, she won true friends,
As easily as falleth dew or light descends.—
Her azure eyes, like sunlit skies, could read
Your inmost soul; could feel your utmost need;
Could look such sympathy, without a word,
That e'en it seemed an angel's voice you'd heard.

The silent whispering of soul to soul,
Communion which some physhic minds control,
Oft give to burdened spirits a foretaste,
Of heaven. She was so beautiful and chaste:
Her form so graceful in its pose,
With fair, broad brow and cheeks like damask rose;
Her hair was like a mass of fine spun gold,
Which seemed to her a crown of wealth untold.

When Grace's father, on the battlefield,
Gave up his life ere he would honor yield,
His dear and frail companion—faithful wife,
Brought forth her child, with forfit of her life!
That constant pair with but one thought and heart,
Were from each other not for long to part;
As one in life, so one in death were they,—
The interval was but a single day.

When thus bereft, an infant left alone,
A mother motherless then took her home,
And reared her as her own. A saintly soul,
She taught our gentle Grace by wise control,
Throughout the days of keen, perceptive youth;
She led her in the paths of light and truth.
So far as food, and clothes, and comforts went,
She gave her all, and made of her a saint.

But yet, sometimes the spirit starves amid
Abundance of a grosser wealth; so did
The nature of this maid—though secretly—
Oft crave for tender love and sympathy!
But just as she had crossed that bridge between
Fair girl and womanhood—from her vague dream
She woke, and once again she was alone,
For home, and all that means, again had flown.

This foster-mother, benefactress kind,
Had suddenly been stricken; health declined.
Though nursed so tenderly by faithful Grace,
The reaper's touch no power could efface.
No will was found, and zealous kindred came,
In selfishness their legal rights to claim.

Now Grace must toil, must work for daily bread
When she had wished her time for books instead.

* * *

With hope, and faith, and firm, undaunted will,
Grace set about life's mission to fulfill.
She worked by day and studied late at night;
How often could be seen her tiny light,
Like glimmering star, through falling mist or spray,
Which guided Harold Hawley on his way.
It urged his steps and made his pulses thrill,
While heart and brain with brightest fancies fill.

He knew the faithful form above her books—
He'd watched her oft, with half averted looks.
He was the foreman where she worked each day
In setting type, for modest salary.
His was a noble nature, true and kind,
A man of thought, poetic and refined.
He loved all truth, nobility and right,
And yet he did not know the Gospel light.

The world's philosophy had planted doubt
Within his mind. He'd not been taught
The gospel in its purity: that light,
Which Jesus gave mankind to guide aright,
And yet, he'd won the love of this fair girl—
Much stronger 't was than if in busy whirl
Of dance or gayest throng, it had been won.
From sweetest sympathy this love had grown.

To her, his deep devotion he revealed:
He longed to take her to himself, and shield
Her as he would some fragile flower,

From blighting frosts and Fate's oft crushing
power.
Young Harold Hawley, old in thought, not old
Was he in years, but cares had made him bold
To do and dare, and meet responsibility—
Through thrift had gained a fair annuity.

An honest man, and all this means, was he;
Possessed true honor and integrity.
This precious wealth, inherited by birth,
Was far beyond the price of worldly worth!
His presence dignified yet not austre;
With bearing that would grace a king! The peer
Of any! An open countenance that told
How much of human love the heart can hold!

His dark, brown hair in shining waves outlined
A stately brow, where wealth of mind
And years of deep research had left their trace,
To beautify still more his handsome face.
His eyes spoke volumes of the soul within!
His love of purity, his loathe of sin;
His features, finely chiseled and refined,
Marked strength of character and nature, kind.

A widowed mother's sole support and stay,
For whom, with joy, he toiled from day to day.
He hoped to add new comfort to her life,
Find her a daughter, true, himself a wife.
He knew his mother's sympathetic heart,
How nobly, tenderly she would impart
True mother-love as to her very own;
Would welcome lonely Grace to heart and home.

* * *

And here we find them when our tale begins,
Discussing Man, his virtues and his sins.
But until now, Grace had not fully known
How skepticism in his mind had grown.
In days gone by, religion, for most part,
Had been postponed for stories of the heart;
That old, old tale, forever sweet and new,
Conned o'er and o'er, the promise to prove true.

But now, alas! this dreadful thing had come,
Which seemed their very senses to benumb.
Yet Grace was resolute! "No, No, she said,
A man who knows not God, I cannot wed!"
Unwise, unjust, it seemed to her, indeed,
That man and wife should have a different creed.
She felt their hearts in faith should be as one;
If not, it seemed to her a wretched doom.

Ah, yes, to her it was an awful thought!
To have a husband who had never sought
The Lord in prayer—knew not there is a God—
That Holy One, whose light had helped her plod
Through life's dark maze with patient hope and trust,—
Her Heavenly Father, merciful and just.
This faith was more to her than all beside;
She MUST BE TRUE, whatever should betide.

Yet Harold Hawley did not understand
Just why fair Grace could not give heart and hand.
He knew her heart was true; and oh! how well
He knew his love for her!—no tongue could tell

How deep his sad distress! Bright hopes still-born.
His smiles, now seldom seen—his soul forlorn!
His mother sought sweet solace to impart,
By tender look, and tone to soothe his wounded heart.

And Grace, though by implicit faith sustained,
Could not conceal how deeply she was pained.
In secret prayer she sought for greater power;
She humbly prayed for Harold's sake each hour.
How oft before the Lord she'd bow and plead:
"Oh, reach his heart! Thou knowest mine doth bleed!
Oh, let the seeds of faith within his soul take root,
Truth's germs expand, and bloom, and bring forth fruit:—

That our pure love with joy may thus be crowned
With power to bless all men with new faith found
United then, not for this life alone,
But "one," while all eternity rolls on:—
Joint heirs to reign with Christ as king and queen,
Our love immortalized, Love supreme!
A cup of never ending bliss through faith in Thee
O God, send Thou such love to him and me!"

* * *

Of such a Faith she talked with Harold oft.
He listened, too, he caviled not nor scoffed,
Although he could not fully comprehend,
For twig grown into tree is hard to bend.
One day she said: How blessed are lovers wed
In bonds of mutual love and confidence!
And ah, thrice blessed are they when led
To work as ONE, in cause of Truth's defense!

Who both doth worship at the same great shrine,
And with united heart on bended knee
Can seek eternal light, in faith, divine—
All those, so wed, are blessed most lavishly,
But, sad the fate of those with differing creed,
Who needs must live together e'en for time.
Their thoughts diverge oft in their utmost need,
Because they do not worship at one shrine.

How many households with the blight and rust,
Of unbelief drive children from their homes,
Because in parent's hearts there only dwelt distrust!
A lack of faith our brightest hope dethrones.
Oh, better let this be the plummet line
Dividing life from life, and heart from heart,
Than at some future time, too late, we find
Through cruel fate our destinies must part."

The Story of The Maine.

O Thou, great Elohim! Thy ways, to men
Inscrutible!—so far beyond their ken,
Thou art divine! Thy power wonderful!
To human minds incomprehensible!
Ah, mortal pen cannot Thy might rehearse—
Thou dost direct, command the universe!
To bring about Thy holy purposes,
Thou dealest in sublimest mysteries!

* * *

In January, "eighteen ninety-eight,"
The world was shocked to hear the awful state
Of Cuban serfs, then under Spanish rule.
Poor men and women made unwilling tool

Of tyant despots—who, through avarice,
And greed for gold, brought men such wretchedness.
Well may their colors be interpreted
As "yellow gold, outlined with bright blood red."

* * *

Afar! there comes a cry o'er land and sea,
A call for help! To nations long since free,
Such tales of hardship and oppression, dire,
Thrills every human pulse with burning fire!
Can free-born patriots, in freedom's land,
Stand still while children starve on every hand?
America responds with S. S. Maine
Some proper information to obtain.

* * *

We shudder at the brink of an abyss—
Our steps we turn an awful plunge to miss!
Just so, had we the power to escape—
We'd turn aside from scenes of monstrous shape;
We fain would not depict this darksome plot,
We'd close our eyes upon the crimson spot
Where lies the "Maine," and al her precious freight
Of human souls. Can retribution wait?

* * *

Canst thou, O Sea, with waters once so clear,
Flow on in peace, so welled by orphan's tear?
So stained with sinless blood of valiant men,
Will e'er thy peaceful name be heard again?
Will e'er thy billows cease to sigh and moan,
Oh, can the God of Waters e'er condone
The fearful deed off Spanish shore?
We hear the wail, of never, never-more!

The War-Cry.

To arms! to war! now let the mandate fly
Throughout awakening continent, the cry
For volunteers! Go, now, and muster in
Your ranks most valiant, able-bodied men,
Who will, with willing hearts and lives, defend
Those souls, who cannot for themselves contend.
Wipe out this blot upon humanity!
Go, set the persecuted Cubans free!

* * *

E'er since the world by hand Divine was formed,
And Adam, by angelic Eve was charmed,
We've had opposing forces here to meet:
Light and darkness, good and bad, bitter, sweet.
E'en might and right contend for victory,—
Foe 'gainst foe, as read in history.
Grim war and blood-shed stain its every page,
Apalling strife in every age.

Oh, must it be, in this enlightened age,
That warfare shall again mankind engage;
Shall be the theme for sympathetic pen;
That men shall shed the blood of fellow men!
Will not refining power of cultured brain,
In this great century, such means disdain?
Will not the higher law, to arbitrate,
Take place of cruel war—the hell incarnate!

But no! again we hear the start'ling call!—
It winds about our souls like funeral pall!
We hear the measured tramp of marching feet,
While martial tones upon our heartstrings beat
We see the soldiers drilling here and there,

In warlike accents on the vibrant air
Again, once more, the clarion call: To arms!
Our boys go forth from schools and shops and
farms.

Oh, can there not be other, better means,
Than flow of precious blood in ebbing streams?
Must noble, valiant men make sacrifice.
The flow'rs of youth mown down in deadly strife?
Bereft are mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives:—
Upon the altar, lay the precious lives
Of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons! Yes, all
Must bravely answer now their country's call.

We see a thoughtful look on every face,
In each, deep lines of anxious care we trace.
All deprecate the dire necessity
Which sends men forth, for Cuban liberty.
Yet we must not our valor compromise:
While seeking to be true, and just and wise,
Our Government so staunch, must now maintain
Her honor sacred, her patriot name.

America! thou Blessing to the world!
Where noble Washington our flag unfurled,
Where men—by holy inspiration led
To make thee free—so bravely fought and bled
For right to honored homes on freedom's sod,
For right of liberty to worship God.
America, thou art a chosen land
Where God hath set His seal—where prophets
stand.

America! Thou pride of Heaven and earth,
A glorious land of sacred birth
Thou art predestined to produce—though deep

Within the earth for ages it did sleep,—
But now hath burst the nautilus of fate—
A "Word" that cannot, will not longer wait,
But spread abroad o'er every land and sea,
Proclaiming faith, and peace, and liberty.

America! thou land of happy homes!
Thou land of lofty spires, and temple domes,
Ah, thou art destined by a Power, supreme,
To wake the sleeping world, to check the stream
Of infidelity which, in the past,
A dark'ning pall o'er all the earth hath cast;
To help mankind their Eden to regain—
That perfect life, celestial, to obtain.

The Volunteer.

Our Foreman Hawley 'roused from love's sweet dream,
By Grace refused, now wished for change of scene.
He had for many years a cherished aim
To be a doctor with a chance for fame.
From his position honorably released
He, with his mother, in the distant East
Found partial surcease of his pain and care,
While one fair maid toiled on in hope and prayer.

* * *

In course of patient years, with honors earned,
To mountain home the young M. D. returned;
Began his practice in a near-by town
Where, through his skill he earned a great renown.
His power was wonderful in healing all
The dreadful ills, which mortal men befall.
But still his own, sad heart was sore distressed,
He'd found no lethe yet to bring him rest.

* * *

One day in May, in early morning hours,
Rebecca Hawley, working 'mid her flowers,
Received this startling telegram: "Bring Grace—
Meet me at train—I'm off to war—In haste,—
Harold". The mother stood transfixed and dazed
The news perplexed, bewildered and amazed
Until the city clock, with chiming bell,
Tolled off the hour and broke the spell.

"One hour and thirty minutes till he comes!"
Forgetting age, into the house she runs;
A silken scarf she folds about her face,
That careless eye might not its anguish trace.
She ran—in very strength of her despair—
Through many streets, then up a winding stair
To Grace's room—Grace stood in speechless fear
To see that palid face, yet still without a tear.—

She gasped for breath, so great was her alarm.
"What! what has happened? Oh! has any harm
Befallen Harold?—Is he ill?—is he—"
"He's volunteered! Will soon be here! and we
Must go, perchance to bid our last good-byes!
Then burst the fount of tears from aching eyes.
They clapsed each other's hands, and groaned in
pain!
Would they e'er see their dear beloved again?

These two possessed an innate sympathy:
That clement, gentle love we sometimes see
In those of pure and keen intelligence,
Congenial tastes, and rare aesthetic sense.
But never did their hearts so closely twine
As now, by ties which almost seemed divine.

Ah! is there aught in life can so enchain
A heart to heart, as mutual grief and pain?

What can so turn all human thoughts above
In deep humility, and contrite love,
As sore affliction and adversity!—
In faith and unity to bend the knee.
So, solemnly,—it seemed with one accord,
They bowed in humble prayer before the Lord
Their mortal cries for strength to bear were heard
Their souls were comforted with closing word.

The mother's loving intuition thought
Of all the needful things her boy would want.
With loving hands—while hearts with grief were racked—
They all in hurried time were neatly packed.
Then o'er the fruits, with dainties underneath,
They placed the fresh plucked flowers, a fragrant wreath!
Sweet flowers, like joys so transient, born to die—
But memory will live, will time defy.

And then, with firmness in her look and tone,
The mother said, "Dear Grace, his act is done;
And though our hearts shall break, our tears and groans
Cannot undo the past. Suppress our moans
We must. Reproachful words and looks control;
All must be hidden in each troubled soul.
Think not of self, but what he must endure
To execute his purpose good and pure.—

"For I have taught him since his early youth
To flinch not in defense of right and truth!

And now the time has come for us to show
How far for love of country we will go.
We mothers who have trained each darling son
In patriotic love have just begun
Our task. For ah, dear Grace, the crucial test
Will be, if need, the loss of all loved best!"

The Parting Hour.

The populace came out with martial bands,
With stars and stripes upheld by dauntless hands.
The air was rent with lusty shout and cheer!
While friends held parting words with those so dear.
The palid cheek showed how the heart-strings bled,
What fateful tragedies could there be read!
None cared their tender thoughts to hide within,
This common grief had made them all akin.

There Harold stood, with blanched and firm set face,
With both his arms entwined in fond embrace
About the two he loved the best on earth—
Indeed, to him his all of mortal worth.
The inward struggle of their hearts he read,
Though words were few, and not a tear they shed,
Ah! now he knew if he had not before,
That absence would augment his sorrow more.

And Grace, she seemed as one in dreamy maze
Of half-bewildered thought so fixed her gaze
Upon the face she ne'er might see again!
To her, e'en then, the best beloved of men.

Ah! there, in all the turmoil of the hour
Her spirit soared, as with exalted power—
For his dear life she prayed, as oft before,
For birth of faith still more she did implore.

She turned to Harold with unfaltering voice,
And breathed sweet words, which made his heart
rejoice:
"Oh, while my life shall last, as Heav'n is true,
I'll love, I'll live and ever pray for you."
"I bless you, Grace, for words divinely sweet!
Now if we're destined never more to meet,
One last request I fain would make of you:—
Unto my mother, be a daughter, true."

"I leave sufficient, dear, for both; to keep
You comfortable for life. Do not weep!
Nay, do not weep, my own beloved one!
They call! The parting time has surely come—
List! troop I and Battery B! they call,
Now I must haste to answer to the roll!"
"Thank God, my son, you as a surgeon go
To staunch life's tide and not to make it flow."

"No, mother, no! Oh, think not so," he said,
"I've volunteered in private ranks instead,
With glowing promises from Colonel Q
Some time in future thus to honor you."
On leaving them—he dared not pause to see
That which he well foretold, brought agony,
He said: "I will return in a brief space"—
He wished for one last look into each face.

'Mid bugle calls, and drums' unceasing beat,
And loud hurrahs—'mid surge of moving feet,

The volunteers each answered to his name,
Emblazoned soon to be, on scrolls of fame—
Ah! some, perchance, to find an honored grave,
But all intent, a noble cause to save!
Each one beloved, the idol of some heart,
Lamenting o'er the cause that makes them part.

"Dear Grace, unto my precious mother be
What I have sought, a comfort in adversity;
E'en more than I, thou can'st console her heart,
Through life's dark trying hours, thou can'st im-
part
Pure faith, the same as that on which you lean.
Oh, let thy radiant presence 'round her beam,
Like guardian angel from the courts above—
To cheer my mother with a daughter's love."

Grace asked herself in deep and pensive thought,
"I wonder if I can? And yet, why not?
If I can cheer that sad, bereaved heart,
Or comfort to the wanderer impart,
Ah, surely, then, I will. It must be done.
In this, as in all else, God's grace I own."
She grasped the hand of each, in earnest zest,
And said, "Yes, Harold, Yes,—I'll do my best!"

"Beloved Grace, there's naught I would not do
Within my feeble strength!—I'll strive for you,
And for myself—to gain that faith, divine,
Which now I see upon thy features shine.
I'll knock, and oh, perhaps the door will ope!
I'll seek for light most earnestly, and hope
From doubt's drear gloom my being may arise,
That I, like you, may find the blessed prize!"

"Now, mother, dear, weep not, feel not forlorn,
For this dear girl will cheer you night and morn.
She'll be to you what I could never be—
But hark! I hear they call again for me."
An "all aboard," in deep, sonorous tones—
Then what a wave of wails, and sobs and moans!
Those sad farewells—one universal prayer:—
"God bless and keep you in His tender care!"

Then Harold went within, but quickly raised
The window of the car, intently gazed
With yearning love, into each saddened face
Fo.ever stamped within his soul's embrace.
With both his hands he clapsed the ones without—
That last, fond grasp—until they heard the shout,
"They're off!"—The grip on hands and hearts is
broke,
The train is lost 'mid clouds of steam and smoke.

The Home Desolate

Grace led the mother home; that one to be
So near and dear by ties of destiny.
So long from outward grief she had refrained
The tumult of her woe, now unrestrained,
Burst forth in lamentations deep and wild:
"Oh, will I e'er again behold my child—
My noble boy! He was my earthly all;
Will he ne'er echo back my morning call!

"E'en now I see him on the burning sands
Of distant isles, with blistered feet and hands—
With choking thirst, and without food or bed—
No time for rest, no place to lay his head—"

That head so often pillowed on my breast,
Oh, will it there no more find peaceful rest?
Will he ne'er come again with fond embrace
To bring fond joy to heart, and smiles to face?"

"Oh, why! dear Grace, why did this sorrow come,
To break my heart?—to blight my happy home?
It seems almost, that I could better bear
To see him lying dead before me there.
For then I'd know the dreadful strife was o'er;
That shot and shell, and cannon's deaf'ning roar
Could not again disturb his sweet repose,
Nor horrors of a bloody war disclose."

Grace listened, over-awed, for ne'er before
Had she beheld a grief so to deplore.
For here, alas, no element of faith arose
To soothe the wild despair, or mitigate its woes.
Her own, sad heart was overcharged with grief,
But well she knew the source of true relief,—
She'd early learned to bow at Jesus' feet;
Through life, had found a consolation sweet.

She knelt beside the couch of that sad one,
There breathing forth a silent benison;
There praying as she'd never done before,
For higher light to shed her being o'er,
To help her to inspire this stricken soul
With trust in One Supreme, and so control
Her great despondency; to look above,
And lean on Him for refuge, rest and love.

At last the mother's wounded spirit slept,
While faithful Grace her lonely vigil kept.

From out her dress she quietly withdrew
A little packet bound with ribbon, blue.
With trembling fingers she undid the bow
Which he had tied so short a time ago.
The bank-books, watch and chain and diamond ring
She counts as naught compared with words which bring—

The color to her cheeks, as on she reads
Of love which speaketh not in words, but deeds.
"For you and mother:—May it bring you, dear,
All needed luxuries, your lives to cheer.
And I would have it ope for you the door
Of music, art, and letters' lore.
That you may now your great desires obtain,
From learning's vault, its rarest jewels gain."

"While mother rests—or works amid her flowers,
I trust you'll find each day sweet, peaceful hours,
Wherein your noble aims you can pursue,
To read, or write, or study science, true.
But when the twilight comes so lone and still,
Which all our senses with vague visions fill—
Dwell thou upon the brightest, cheering themes,
Divert dear mother's thoughts with hopeful dreams."

"Sing soothing songs, breathe purest words of prayer—
Oh, do not let her pine in grief and care;
For thou, sweet one, hath power to allure
My mother's heart from lonliness; thy pure
Angelic thought is what her spirits crave

To save her from despair, perhaps the grave.
For Grace, beloved, presentiment I feel
We will not meet again—this thought conceal!"

"Of premonitions, do not let her hear—
It would augment her anxious grief and fear—
And, through your love for me, it might your own.
But, sainted one, thy faith, she hath not known;
Indeed, and thou hast almost made me know,
That if we meet not in this world below
It will be in a higher, grander life,
Then! then, sweetheart, you'll be my own, dear
wife!"

Grace read these words, and read them o'er again
What means this deep and burning, clutching
pain,
That seems to quench the inward vital tide
And all her senses still, and chill beside?
She dared not sob, nor cry aloud, nor moan,
So, pale and motionless, she sat alone.
She seemed as in the grasp of sombre Death,
'Till something seemed to whisper, "Where thy
faith?"

Oh, could he but have tarried here, she thought,
Then bliss, supreme, would live where grief is
wrought.
His mind was broadening; and truth's bright ray,
His thought illumining from day to day.
The sacred seed implanted in such soil,—
It cannot die!—as time shall onward roll,
'T will germinate and grow from hour to hour,
And bloom at last to life's immortal flower.

"I must be patient and exemplify
By acts, not words, that faith which cannot die;
Must never add unto his mother's grief,
But seek, through holy light, to give relief.
And when my soul is o'er-burdened with its weight,
I'll knock, and God will ope the pearly gate.
I'll write in secret, words I dare not speak,
And so, for greiving spirit, solace seek.

Grace Writes Her Farewell Song.

Alas, how sad it is with those we love to part,
To feel the bounding, bursting tensions of the heart,
To clasp the precious hand and breathe the last good-byes
While burning, blinding tears are gushing from the eyes.

To bid the sad farewell e'en for a few, brief years,
Or just for months, or weeks, or days! what fears
Beset the soul bereft, what deep emotions swell,
When pale and trembling lips at last gasp forth, "farewell!"

For ah, how faint the glimpse of what the future bears;
How little do we know its pleasures or its cares;
What vague assurance have we ever more to meet;—
That we in life again our precious ones shall greet!

Ah, me! this death in life! when absence rends the soul;

When cruel fate makes time and space beyond
control;
When only precious faith and memories, sublime,
Are all we carry with us to a distant clime!

* * *

Farewell! and yet farewell, beloved one,
How can my life go on when thou art gone?
Can happy smiles again e'er light my face,
Can joy find room within my heart's embrace,
Or will this self-reproach fore'er find place?
Ah, how my soul in lonliness doth yearn—
Already I look forth to thy return,
For in the last few hours I've lived so long,
It seems that years on years have surely gone.

What keen regret and sorrow fill my heart
For every unkind word, or look, or thought.
Ah, can it be his love for me hath brought
About this separation, this sad lot?
And thou art gone! alas! and I, perchance,
May never more feel joy in thy sweet glance,
In life may ne'er behold thy noble face,
Nor hear those tender words, "I love you, Grace!"

Oh, dear! my love hath left his mother here
With me—and I so sad—her heart to cheer.
I stand in awe to see her grief so wild,
Yet who can marvel, he her only child.
So many years she's loved her boy, and leaned
Upon his strength of brain and brawn, but
gleaned,
No grain of faith in One she needs so now
To help in these afflictions, sore, to bow.

So densely darkened now her mind doth seem!
Within its precincts' not a flickering gleam
To cheer her soul or light the darksome way!
Oh, will she ever see faith's dawning day?
Pray, give me wisdom, Father, let me stand
A tower of strength, directed by Thy hand,
To help both son and mother, too, to Thee,—
That they may feel and own thy majesty.

Sleep on, sad mother, may these tranquil hours,
Restore thy mental peace and vital powers.
May angels round thy couch their vigils keep,
That in thy dreams thou may'st forget to weep.
And when the morning's bright, effulgent ray
Shall lift thy lids to see the coming day,
Shall wake thy heart to all its weight of woe,
Then may the Comforter before thee go.

The angels, ever watching o'er mankind,
Watch o'er my love, now speeding like the wind,
Afar! afar! each moment farther still,
Oh, pray protect by Thine unbounded will.
Preserve his life; into his soul bring light,
Let doubt and superstition take its flight,
Oh, spare his life for me his soul for Thee,
And both of us for Thine Eternity!

Carnage and Strife.

Where best can we peruse the history
Of Warfare's sore defeats and victory?
Can it be told by famed historian?
Or e'en depicted by the poet's pen?

Ah, is it not enwrought with spectre hand
In sad and lonely homes throughout the land,
In aching hearts, in wretched, ruined lives
Of faithful sisters, mothers, sweethearts, wives?

Ah, who can War's most dreadful scenes, unfold?
Can terrors of such mortal strife be told?—
A strife with all its painful cruelties,
That brings to man unending miseries!
The deadly "mausers" flashing here and there,
Sharp, poisoned missiles flying through the air,
To rout the ranks of armies while they glow,
And make the crimson streams in torrents flow!

Can we essay, in lands remote and far,
To trace the outlines of a modern war?
So sad and terrible, with new designs,
Its smokeless powder, magazines and mines!
Of dynamite, with deep and hidden springs
Which instantly such dire destruction brings:
The very earth and heavens made to shake,
Instead of life a sanguinary lake!

Instead of peace, and joy, and happiness,
Is found chatoic ruin and distress.
Do men forget the One who gave them life?
'Twixt man and man, in this fierce, deadly strife,
One or the other yields or battles on
Until, like ancient tribes, when all are gone—
The land's bereft, forsaken, desolate!
Man's cause transferred to God to arbitrate.

* * *

Mid shot and shell and battle's fierce array,
We find our hero on this summer's day,

'Mid fire and smoke and cannon's deafning roar,
Neath tropic skies on Santiago's shore;—
We see him in the thickest of the fight,
A staunch defender of his country's right!
He deems no danger more than he can brave—
He'd freely give his life his flag to save!

A patriot born! a patriot taught and reared!
To patriot soul, his country so endeared,
That for its rights he'd nobly, bravely stand,
With valiant heart and ready, active hand.
For righteous cause of suffering, contend:
Truth, Honor, Right and Justice—all defend!
He falters not, but bravely stands his ground
Though bursting shells are falling all around!

While climbing up that famous San Juan hill,
He exercised his strong, unyielding will.
His sturdy purpose overcame the maze
Of swamp and brush and narrow, winding ways,
Gave to his weary muscles added strength,
To wade the surging stream, or dig in trench,
From tangled wires to extricate his feet
To creep 'neath hanging rock, or mount the steep.

And now, though Spanish bullets fill the air,
Of self he gives no passing thought or care.
His comrades, brave, are falling all around—
Some, ne'er to rise above the blood-stained ground;
No more, no more again in life, so sweet.
With laurels won, beloved ones to greet;
No more to lift their hands in mercies cause,
To subjugate unjust and cruel laws.

Yet some, with faces to the sky upturned,
Had died, assured of greater prizes earned.
Content that mortal strife at last was done,
Life's battles o'er, eternal victories won!
Perhaps, e'en then, their vision soared beyond
That scene of bloody conflict spread around,
Into seraphic worlds of peaceful light,
Where pure, immortal spirits take their flight.

Like mountain avalanche in swift ascent,
Up! up the hill! our valiant heroes went!
That July 3rd, sealed Santiago's doom;
Into the Spanish lines with thundering boom,
Embattling hosts in grim, unswerving sway
Swept desp'rate foeman now before their way.
In sore defeat, 'mid dying, and their dead,
In wild abandonment the remnant fled!

On famous San Juan's towering crest, unfurled,
Is freedom's banner, floating to the world!
"Old Glory," fluttering and graceful, waves
Her stars and stripes o'er those she seeks to save!
To bring into their lives a higher aim
Than worldly wealth, and powers that tyrants claim.
To foster here enlightened government,
God-send, to Little Cuba was it sent!

After the Battle.

Can facile pen or fluent tongue portray
The battlefield at close of this affray?
Can human eyes endure the fearful scene
Where friend and foeman's blood flow in one stream!

Ah! those whose lives were spared, lift hearts above,
Unto the God of battles pour their love;
And there throughout the lengthning shades of day,
In rest and sleep the toil-worn heroes lay.

But can the son of Esculapius sleep?
While suffering men in pain and anguish weep!
While vital currents swiftly, surely bear
These precious lives beyond all mortal care!
No. Harold could not sleep. He could not rest.
He sought the wounded on the battle field,
With ready tourniquet, life's tide congealed.

The surgeon-general with corps came near,
Observed that Harold Hawley had no fear
Of death, though even in appalling guise;
Perceiving him intelligent and wise,
At once accepted his efficient aid,
In placing stricken ones in cooling shade.
From nearby streams in eagerness he brought
To parched and fevered lips the grateful draught.

So he, as water will its level find—
Assisted now their wounds to dress and bind,
With dextrous skill, helped staunch the flowing tide—
The touching messages of those who died,
Their dying prayers, he heard in wonderment!
That men at such a time could be content,
Could manifest such faith in worlds unknown,
Could e'en acknowledge God with latest moan.

Ah, yes! he thought, it is that subtle power
Which shone from Grace's eyes that parting hour!
That same transcendent, penetrating light
Which can illumine even death's dark night:
That SOMETHING which I fail to comprehend,
Which helps its votaries to break and bend
Each adverse circumstance that there may be—
Ah, can I doubt a hidden destiny!

If not—then how, and why is it I live,
While many at my side their lives now give!
Throughout the dreadful struggles of this day
A mystic light has beamed upon my way—
A wond'rous power has strengthened e'en mine
arm,
Still thrills my being with its currents. warm.
In faith, sublime, Grace said she'd pray for me
For life—but for my soul more earnestly.

I yet have life, and strength—such vital powers
Of which I marvel—after all these hours!
A strength, that even when this day is done,
I feel that I could press forever on—
With dominating and unfettered will,
For all the pulses of my being thrill!
Oh, is this strength my own, or magic spell,
Or power of Grace's God! Who, who can tell?

Oh, could I but have gone as others here,
In peace, in faith, without a single fear—
Death then to me would welcome be, and sweet,
Assured that all I love in life I'd meet
Again—what Grace has called the Great Reward;
To find true Heaven and a loving Lord!

Ah! can it be for this that I am spared,
That when I come to die, I'll be prepared?

For hours, with anxious heart and reverent tread
He searched for living ones among the dead
And thus soliloquized: How often when
The low, pathetic prayers of dying men
Fall on my ear in solemn monotone,
I almost feel I, too, a God could own:—
This faith to mortal minds such comforts bring,
It e'en robs pain and death of all its sting!

A power so grand and glorious to see,
Belief in God, hope of Eternity,
A sweet assurance that in regions new,
We have a Heavenly Father—Mother too!
I never in my life thought I could pray,
'Till at the close of this eventful day,
I seem uplifted by an unseen power,
Which I have never known until this hour.

These inert forms once with strong, impulse brave
Will soon lie low within a soldier's grave.
I cannot think that all with them is o'er,
That they will speak, and live, and move no more!
Ah, yes, they MUST still live in realms not far—
Indeed! methinks the gates are left ajar.
And I can see beyond, celestial light,
Whence all that is immortal takes its flight!

O mother! mother! could you only know,
How light my heart, 'twould mitigate your woe,
And ah! could you, beloved Grace, perceive
How your pure faith hath caused me to believe,

Hath rent the murky veil of dismal night,
Enkindling in my soul supernal light,
Complete your grateful happiness would be—
Your faith hath made us one ETERNALLY!

The Victory Won

The dead had all received their burial—
Most solemn scene, a soldier's funeral!
The muffled drums beat low, the last salute
Was fired. Those standing near could not be mute:
Some wept aloud, and others groaned in pain;
More courage now it took a mastery to gain,
In laying comrades low with last farewell,
Than when they faced fierce showers of shot and shell.

Ye brave and honored dead! how well you've told
Your valiant loyalty! your deeds unfold
Another solemn page in history—
Where man, in righteous cause, gives willingly
His all. Oh, noble sons of noble sires,
You've given all that mortal man requires,
E'en all your country's cause could hope to claim,
You've given life—but found enduring fame.

Sleep sweetly, now, ye heroes, fallen low,
While living hearts shall ache, and teardrops flow.
Ye cannot come again, with lance and steel
Your wondrous might and prowess to reveal.
But deeds will live to stimulate man-kind.
Help sturdy soldiers paths of glory find.
Ah, you have found ere this, in death there's life—
And boundless recompense for mortal strife.

Now dusky night, in dreamy, softening glow,
Hath folded sable mantles o'er the world below;
Soft, mellow shadows wrap the blood-drenched hill,
Where late leapt frantic life and stubborn will.
How deep the solitude, the silence how supreme!
All nature seems to rest, to sleep, to dream—
What will her visions be! Ah, what this night
On fleeting wings may war's alarms take flight

Oh, grant us peace, Thou great, Eternal One!
Let warfare cease, and victories be won—
By reasoning and love, and not by strife
Let man regard as sacred, human life—
All human rights, and human ties;
To things divine, let vain ambitions rise.
Let every heart expand, and tongues confess
Thy powers of Love, and Truth, aud Righteousness.

THE QUESTION.

And what of all those sad and anxious ones
Now watching, waiting in their far-off homes;
The press-dispatches reading fearfully,
Lest their beloved, among the victims be.
Oh, who can tell the anguish women know
At home, so helpless in their anxious woe?
All they can do is wait, and hope, and pray
For loved ones, and the dawn of peaceful day!

Ah! is it worth so much! some ask in pain,
Where is the profit? What will be the gain?
Rich isles once ruled by avaricious hand
Are now annexed to our extensive land.

Perchance, ambitious Cuban people, freed,
May turn again, in wild, ferocious greed,
To slay the very ones who set them free,
Who gave them food, and life, and liberty.

Again is asked, can all this compensate
For loss of life to every free-born state?
Brave, fearless scions of a noble race
Within whose veins true patriot blood we trace?
The love of home, and country and the truth
Hath grown with all their years—e'er since their
youth;
Could not the powers of heart and brain had sway,
And gained a grander victory today?

The flower of America lies slain!
No wonder that we ask it o'er again,
Can it be worth all this, the blighted homes,
The waiting for the one who never comes—
The shattered hopes, the bitter tears and moans!
Oh, can it be that such a gain condones
For all this agony, and grief, and pain,
And miseries which follow in its train?

Ah, what is all of worldly wealth and power
Compared to sorrows of the parting hour!
Are we repaid? "No! no!" the mother cries.
"Ah, no!" the broken-hearted maid replies.
"No!" says the wife with sunken, weeping eyes.
"No! not so!" the suffering orphan sighs.
And from the peaceful throne of God comes forth
The call for war to cease upon the earth!

Watching and Waiting.

O'er Wasatch peaks the orb of day declined,
Yet he hath left translucent rays behind—
Departing promise of another day.
The world is bathed in hazy, mellow glow;
With murmurs more subdued the streamlets flow;—
Ah, they will ripple on, perhaps alway.

The vesper notes of homeward, flitting bird
Breathe soft goodnights, while rustling leaves are heard
To join the echoes of the sighing pine.
The ermine petals of the lily's cup
Have quaffed the dew-drops now, and folded up
To ope again when glinting sunbeams shine.

Yes, everything in nature seems to know
That with the dawning of the morning's glow
New vigor will their forms reanimate,
While I, with spirit that can never die,
With unrequited hope must vainly sigh—
For my felicity must longer wait!

Ah, I must wait! still patiently wait on
Throughout the night, until the morning's dawn,
And then from dawn through changes of the day;
'Till hope, so long deferred, faints and expires!
E'n faith near seems the child of strong desires,
But still I wait, and watch, and weep, and pray!

* * *

Thus wrote fair Grace, heart hunger to appease,
Within her little book she called "Heartsease;"

For only thus did she unbend control—
Here give expression to her inner soul!
It seemed the safety valve for pent-up grief.
Ah! this, with prayer, had been her sole relief.
Sweet, precious inspiration from above,
How truly it reveals God's precious love!

The news of oft-repeated victories
Great conquests for our Cause on land and seas,
Together with the honors Harold won
As surgeon in the General's corps, came home
To fill the loving hearts with hope and cheer.
But soon, alas, this joy was turned to fear
Just at the height of glorious renown!
By fever, Harold had been stricken down.

Grace longed to fly to him. Indeed, she must;
She thought—and yet could she forsake her trust?
Ah, no; she must not leave her sacred post—
For else she knew the mother would be lost.
Her ever faithful, tender, watchful care,
So needed now, could not be found elsewhere.
Her constancy to love and duty gave
The only hope, his mother's life to save.

This last sad news, so sudden and severe,
Had seemed to seal life's founts—without a tear.
The mother moved in dreamy, listless mood;
Insomnia and constant lack of food
Had sapped her physical and mental power.
Now every eve, just at the twilight hour,
She'd wander far—and say: "I'll meet my son
Who must this night be surely coming home."

And patient Grace would follow close behind—
She feared results of her beclouded mind.
Down through the flower-strewn lane, near waving grain,
She'd wander long, and then return again—
She'd turn to take the arm of faithful Grcae
With disappointment in her palid face,
And say: "Just one more day we'll have to wait,
Tomorrow night we'll meet him at the gate.

So weary seemed the days in deep suspense
They waited still, in silent eloquence
For tardy messages from foreign shore—
So longed for, yet were almost dreaded more,
Lest they should bear the fateful tidings home
That he, so fondly loved, no more would come!
'Twas only sleep, in season, that retained
The mother's life—pure faith had Grace sustained.

At length a packet from a foreign shore
Brought letters, which the saddest tidings bore;
But like all sorrows it was tempered, too,
With comfortings, which did, in part, subdue
The wild, tempestuous throbbings of the heart,
Unto the soul some comfort did impart—
If comfort can be found in life's dark days,
'Tis holy whisp'ring, guides us through the haze.

* * *

Thus ran the message in an unknown hand:
"Can I but help you fully understand
The true condition of the stricken one
I call my friend—you call your son—
The lover, too, of her he calls his 'Grace'—
I'll sadly, willingly, this missive trace.

You, too, must know his patient fortitude
In battling with the hand of death so rude."

At close, there came these words: "E'en from the first
But little hope—prepare, then, for the worst.
And with this, Harold's letter, too, was sent
Unfinished—but its contents eloquent—
Pathetic in its deep concern for those
So loved, so far—no thought of self arose,
But loving eyes could see, and hearts could feel
The effort made, his own pain to conceal:—.

"I thought, dear ones, when I returned, to bring
To you a glad surprise—Love's offering;
The proofs that to each precious word you spake
I gave most earnest heed! I did partake—
I know it now—of thy sweet spirit, too.
The books you gave, and told me to review,
With pure and prayerful heart, conned I them o'er
And o'er again, and thirsted still for more.

"Beloved Grace, my soul has found a voice,
In blessed prayer! I know you will rejoice,
And mother, too, if she has learned to know
These joys, which e'en all human hearts below—"
From here the page was blank, but Grace could trace
Between the lines, fill in the blotted space,
As wildly throbbed her heart. Hot tears like rain
Portrayed the conflict now twixt joy and pain.

Keen anguish with the thought of Harold's death,
Yet, still she praised the Lord with every breath!

Bethought her, too, of promise Jesus gave—
That through this faith, He'd men and women save.
As God had brought conviction to his soul,
He still might spare his life! Then did unroll
A wave of inspiration, pure and sweet,
Which bade all incredulity retreat.

Their faith had made them one, in death or life!—
In sight of God she now was Harold's wife.
Grace longed so much to rouse the mother's mind
With gentleness, and soothing words so kind
Bade her to list while she the letters read,
With outward calm enforced. Alas, instead
Of waking her benighted faculties,
She slept in Grace's arms like child at ease.

'Tis midnight's hour, and on the burdened air
W hear the solemn whisperings of prayer.
We feel the soulful pleadings floating on
To heav'nly spheres, until they reach God's throne—
Until they find response most infinite,
A solace for the heart so desolate!
From One who notes the little sparrow's fall
Ah, willingly, He hears his children's call.

'Touch thou with gentle strokes divine, O Lord,
Discordant tendrils of life's harpsichord!
Oh, let the vibrant echoes thus awoke
Within men's souls, inspiring strains evoke.
Entransing accents from the worlds unknown
Change solemn moan, to gentle, patient tone;
Sublime, triumphal music fills the air
To lift all hearts from slough of dark despair.

"Let every throbbing pulse in nature's tune
Accord with Thine for aye! Oh, very soon,
Dear Lord, may waves of music from above
Inspire in human lives unselfish love.
'Till through the wide, wide world from shore
to shore
No discords will be heard forever more.
When as themselves all love their fellowmen
The worlds unite to sing the grand Amen."

Honey Sipping.

'Tis Indian Summer now, the tiller's field
Hath shown the bounteous harvest it can yield.
On tree, and twig, and flower, rare tints are seen,
Rich, gorgeous hues are mingled with the green;
The sun appears a large and fiery ball,
While over all the earth soft draperies now fall—
A tinted, lacey veil—as for a bride,
O'er-thrown, the blush of innocence to hide.

The noontide hour hath passed, and shadows, long,
Portend the closing day. The linnet's song
Re-echoes through the wood to wayward mate,
And lonely doves, on swaying branches wait
The tardy coming of the ones who rove.
Ah, will they e'er return with notes of love?
Have they like other spirit-mates, now flown
To realms from whence, in life, there's no return?

* * *

This eve the mother could not be content
Unless upon her twilight stroll she went.
She said, "Come, Grace, put on your pretty gown
I, too, will dress in mine, and we'll go down

To meet dear Harold who will come tonight.
And we must hasten, dear, while still'tis light.
It's been so long since I beheld his face,
I want to see it well—come now, dear Grace.

Then arm in arm they went as we are told
Ruth and Naomi did in days of old.
Each in the other's love securely bound
In sweetest confidence, these two had found.
The yearning longing of their hearts supplied
Such loving tenderness; and care, beside,
Had Grace upon the weaker one bestowed—
Her soul with strong, maternal impulse glowed.

"How very pitiful it is," Grace thought,
"This constant disappointment to us brought
From day to day—for even I imbibe—
Through innate sympathy—hard to describe—
The feeling, too, that sometime we may meet
Our loved one, when we go, with joy replete!
Though when I bring my reasoning to bear,
I know I'm wrong—yet, still her hope I share.

"So oft it seems he must be very near,
I feel his presence in the very air,
I hear his footsteps, with the shadows fall,
E'en catch his voice with every birdling's call;
And in the graceful cosmos' bow so mute
I see his beaming smile, and fair salute.
Ah, from extending arms of mountains, grand,
I seem to catch the pressure of his hand."

Afar, from out the city's din and rush
To where the rivulets from canyons gush,

They crossed an unused culvert as a bridge,
And lingered near the hillside's mossy ridge—
The mother leaning on the maiden's arm.
Both spied a flower with exceeding charm.
Instinctively, at once, their hands both met
To pluck the golden primrose floweret.

Just while their eager hands enclapsed the stem,
A tiny humming-bird, to share with them
The pure exquisiteness of mutual bliss,
Sipped honey from its cup, with gentle kiss,
While neither hand the precious bloom released.
It lingered on the nectar of its feast.
Suffused mellow light was 'round them thrown,
Divine expression of God's mercy shown.

They knew a holy presence must be near,
Mild zephyrs wafted music sweet and clear!
It was no fleeting dream, no magic spell—
This holiness of peace which 'round them fell,
'Twas Father's love! each lifted heart and eyes,
In sacred praise to heaven's vaulted skies—
When lo! through gath'ring mists of dying day,
A white-clad form approaches on the way.

With faces colorless, and heartstrings tense,
Transfied they waited—breathless, in suspense.
Grace knew the uniform for U. S. men
For tropic Southern clime, all white had been—
And yet, an apparition! this she thought
Of him the mother long had vainly sought

Come back to prove to them that "death is life",
A grand and great reward for mortal strife.

Ah, look! the mystic figure moveth on—
Ethereal face, and features pale and wan—
But list, he speaks!—the old, familiar tone!
"My mother, dear! my Grace! again I'm home!"
Into her Harold's arms, the mother springs
As though transported by the seraph's wings.
Then nature, ever constant, true and kind,
In sweet oblivion enwraps her mind.

And for a space, bereft of life she seemed;
Aroused, she said, "What is it I have dreamed?
What long and dreadful incubus of fear!
Why, Harold, dear, I thought you far from here;
That I had waited weary, endless days
On your beloved face again to gaze,
But now the night is o'er, the vision gone,
We now rejoice—we see the coming dawn."

"Oh, are you spirit risen from the dead?
Or is it, really, truly, you," Grace said.
"Yes, love, the Great Physician saved my life,
Brought me again to you, my spirits rife
With joy, and love. By fervent faith I've come
To know the Life Celestial—your love won!
With you my wife, I'll labor with a will
To help mankind a higher life to fill."

"I'll go with sword and lance of living light,
On earth life's moral battles bravely fight,
With potent weapons and a heart content,
I'll go with trust in One omnipotent;

Love, patience, hope, implicit faith in God
Are mightier far than emperor's rod;
More sure and helpful to the struggling soul
To bring him safely to the final goal.

"And with my other conquests, I have won
The queen of living women for mine own!
Most precious one, my heart was ever thine;
Now truly thine, by grace of One divine!
Sweet, noble girl, could e'er in life be found
A soul more true, and firm, and faithful? Sound
In reasoning, unswerving from the right,
You led my darkened mind to find the light!"

"You saved my soul with love's devoted prayer,
And saved my mother, too, with constant care.
I've heard already, dear, your faithfulness
Unto my mother in her sore distress.
Ah, yes, through all that long and dreadful dream,
Your angel presence was a golden beam!"
Grace placed on lips of each a finger stroke,
A silence on this praise to thus evoke.

The mother took her children's willing hands.
The trio went their way through meadow lands,
Back to their home in mellow evening's glow,
Their hearts too full for any words to flow.
And neither could define just why they wept,
Nor comprehend the holy calm that crept
Into the deep recesses of their souls.
As these three loving hearts God's peace enfolds.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

Ring out! sweet bells! ring loud, and long and
clear!
Thine accents echo joyful notes of cheer!
Bound heart to heart! their golden music tells—
And life to life, ring on, ring on, sweet bells!
A soul redeemed; a mother's mind restored;
A maiden prayed and this the great reward!
Then God be praised! the pealing anthem swells,—
Ring on, ring on, ring on, sweet bells!

THE END.

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